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RARE POEMS

—AND—

OTHER WORKS,

—BY—

MRS. R. W. ODLUM.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Authoress earnestly hopes that this little volume will be found in every respect to conform to the expectations of her numerous friends and patrons. In this edition the poems hav been carefully revised, and explanatory notes appended to those which required special signification. Owing to limitation of space much had to be omitted, and the most rare retained. I wish to acknowledge my great indebtedness to my son, Aloysius A. Odlum, for suggestions and assistance during the preparation of this little book.

BROOKLYN, *February* 26, 1884.

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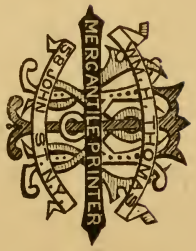

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PREFACE.

In presenting my poems to the public, I have endeavored to conform with their taste and desire, while the themes I have written upon are familiar subjects. During a few preceding years I have written obituary poems upon the death of distinguished individuals, leaving it with the public to determine whether they were deserving of countenance or not. In every instance, I am grateful to acknowledge, they received their warmest approbation. Finally, I concluded to gather together my poems in book form, being assured by many patrons that they will merit similar respect.

The poems are presented with all the garniture of grammatical and rhetorical touches of which I am capable. One of the most eminent British poets observes that no poetry is faultless; but sweet as the lilies of the valley is the fragrance of poetry. I have written some verses entitled "The Tribulutions" of the authoress in poetry, in which are depicted as partially as possible my sorrows and afflictions. There is also added a short story, which it is hoped, will be found interesting. Shortly after I became a widow, I strove by every means in my power to support my two

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

Oh! Thou who did descend from heaven,
And o'er the earth an outcast driven,
Whose sacred soul did'st feel and know
The full extent of human woe:
God as thou art, Thyself didst weep,
O'er Lazarus' grave for Mary's grief—
Forgive the tears I shed this day,
For him whom thou has called away.
Oh! darling, together we yet will be,
And the beautiful face of God we'll see:
The smile of the Saviour will o'er us play,
And gladden our souls with its sunny ray.
We'll sing with the angels,--join in their band,
And mix with seraphim that forever will stand
Near the throne of the Great One, the Mighty, the Just,
And our joy will be great, as in God was our trust.

The False Heir; or, the Housekeeper's Secret.

BY MRS RICHARD W. ODLUM.

Situated on the beautiful banks of the river Shannon, are some very picturesque towns, with mountains always green, and valleys within whose fields flowers are to be found, lovely in their wildness, magnificent in their beauty. The primrose and daisy, the cowslip and shamrock, bloom harmoniously side by side. Trees luxuriant in foilage and massive in grandeur. Yet over all this loveliness hovers a mournful shade, rendered perhaps more melancholy by the sad music of the trees as the wind murmurs through their branches.

Any unprejudiced traveler well versed in the history of Ireland's wrongs and afflictions, while resting within the shade of a valley just described must be filled with sadness and regret that a country upon whom nature has bestowed such bewildering beauties, so lavish in decoration of mountain and scenery, should suffer such untold misery, privation and wrong. But there is a destiny that links itself with nations as with individuals.

Upon the close of a calm, sunny day in June, that month of flowers, three travelers, evidently English, registered their names at the most aristocratic hotel in the romatic town of Tullamore. Two of the party consisted of a lady and a gentleman, both advanced in the autumn of life. They were accompanied by a youth of some fourteen sum-

mers. Being strangers no one knew aught of their antecedents; but the lady being of a lively disposition and possessed of great powers of ingratiation, soon became a general favorite with many families of distinction. Her husband, a lawyer of great talent and tact, acquired considerable popularity. They leased a house for twenty-one years, fitted it up in oriental splendor, and returned every invitation on a magnificent scale. The youth grew to manhood respected and admired by those of his own age. His twenty-first birth-day was celebrated with great pomp and splendor. Nothing could exceed the liberality of the banquet. Tables groaned beneath the load of costly glass and dazling silver. All the youth and beauty of the town and vicinity seemed to be gathered in this vast assemblage. The light of morning coming through the windows, gave notice that it was time to depart. The band announcing their departure by playing home sweet home.

For many days nothing was spoken of save the ball and banquet. Many similar ones were given in return, but none so brilliant as that which was given by the Fitzgibbons'.

Just as the last month of summer was drawing to a close, and the bright rays of the sun which seemed to love to glitter among the hills and linger around the remaining flowers, that looked as if they regretted the approach of autumn, there came to our town another acquistion to society—a widow lady and her niece. They also were strangers, whose antecedents were unknown. They leased a cottage, lived retired for some time, with simplicity intermingled with elegance. The young lady arrayed in her style of dress, attracted the attention of the young ladies in the neighborhood. Her aunt was also a charming woman.

Among the many who called upon the widow and her niece, was lawyer Fitzgibbons and lady, who gave them a most pressing invitation, which was warmly accepted. The step-son soon became a warm admirer of Miss Bonmon. He was her escort to every entertainment. Such decided preference and privilege thus afforded by the young lady, flattered the vain young heart of Charles Alfred, and during the winter which followed the coming of the widow and her niece it was one continued scene of gayety and frivolity; in the whirl of that enchantment he proposed, and was accepted.

Again there came a repetition of the previous revelry, grand ball and banquet. Dress makers and tailors were overwhelmed with orders; invitations were issued and every preparation was making for the approaching marriage.

Alas! in this sad bright world, our joys are overshadowed by our woes.

In the midst of all this anticipation came a withering blight.

The town clock had tolled the hour of ten. Lawyer Fitzgibbons had retired for the night, Charles remained in the sitting room, reading to his mother, when suddenly both were startled by the loud ringing of the bell, and before they could regain composure two strangers were ushered in by the servant. Charles rose up and inquired to whom was he indebted for this most extraordinary visit. One of the strangers, a tall magnificent looking fellow, whose very look and movement described the gentleman and scholar, replied in a rich manly voice:

"I am Charles Alfred Herbert, only son of the late Charles Alfred Herbert, of Herbert Hall, come at the eleventh hour to claim my lawful in-

heritance, of which I have been so unjustly deprived." He paused as if waiting to see what effect his words had upon the young man, who heard another call himself by his name, and claim to be the only son of the man whom he considered to be his father, became dumbfounded, and looked as if he knew not what to answer. Poor fellow, he measured all hearts by his own. He had no knowledge whatever of the schemes and intrigues of a deep, designing woman. He remained silent, the stranger spoke again:

"That woman, said he, pointing to Mrs. Fitzgibbons, can, if she choose, explain what you seem to be ignorant of."

The insulting tones of the stranger's voice, the scornful curl of the lip, aroused the young man like magic.

"Sir," said he, in a voice which plainly told he was perfect master of his temper, "I have the honor to call that lady my mother, and by what right do you come at this unreasonable hour of the night to insult a lady in her own house."

The stranger cast upon young Charles a searching glance as if he deemed he was pleading innocence to the knowledge of the crime. But when he heard him address his mother in beseeching tones to unravel the mystery, he felt convinced that the young man was earnest in his protestations.

"Well," said the stranger, casting a look of indescribable defiance upon the unfortunate woman, who seemed to be stricken with consternation as to become totally devoid of speech. Then in a voice of emotion he told a harrowing tale of woe and wrong practiced upon him, from his infancy which rendered his very childhood joyless. "My father was the owner of considerable property,

both personal and real estate. Upon the death of my mother he engaged that woman, pointing to Mrs. Fitzgibbon's, in the capacity of housekeeper. By her wiles and powers of fascination she succeeded in alluring my father into a marriage; but no sooner did she become Mistress of Herbert Hall, than she showed her authority in discharging servants who had grown gray from service to my father. Altogether such a change came over Herbert Hall, that time honored friends became strangers. When I was only two years old she put me out to nurse; her next step was to tell my father that I was dead; the nurse corroborated this false statement. The body was sent home at once. There was no difficulty in accomplishing the plot. One of the nurse's own children had died, and being of my age, and possessing the same color of hair, therefore, when my father gazed upon the little dead face in the coffin, he concluded that he had taken a final leave of his son. But the shrouded form in the coffin was not that of Charles Herbert, for here he stands a living man."

"Now, Lawyer, produce the documents." And that personage with an air of importance drew from his pocket a parchment fastened carefully together with red tape, and opening its folds, read aloud the dying declaration and confession of Clara Desmond: "Feeling that I have not long to live and being anxious to make all the reparation in my power, I wish to make known the following facts: That Alfred Herbert is not my son, nor the son of my husband. He is the son of Charles Alfred Herbert, of Herbert Hall, the lawful heir to his father's estates."

The lawyer paused as if waiting to see what effect it had upon Mrs. Fitzgibbons.

The stranger exclaimed in a voice of authority, "lawyer, read on."

"He was sent to me when only two years old, by the housekeeper who lived with his father. I was poor and readily accepted the bribe. I was always pained whenever I looked at the child, and knew that he was a stranger beneath my roof; an exile from the parental home; and I wept often in the dead of night for my participation in so dark a deed as consenting to keep a young nestling from the home of the old bird. I sought a private interview with the housekeeper; told her of my reluctance to keep the child, now grown to boyhood. She laughed at my remorse, but I insisted upon her paying for his education; and it was only upon that condition that I consented to keep him. I often told her that I could never leave this world in peace with a stain of so deep a dye on my soul. She was, therefore, delighted when I told her he had a desire for the sea. By all means she said let him go. The boy went to sea when he was fourteen years old, with Captain Crabtree. When storms were raging at sea, I prayed that heaven might spare the poor boy. He was born on the sea, and I feared that the sea might be his grave. But, now, after a long lapse of years, he has returned so opportunely as to lift from my conscience a burden which preyed so heavily, that my poor soul never enjoyed one single ray of happiness. But the hour and time has come, and here in the presence of this lawyer, and these good men, who so kindly stand around my bed, to bear witness of the facts which I now state, that the son of the houskeeper, Mrs. Walter Reynolds, is pushed upon the world as Charles Alfred Herbert, which he is not. The lawful Charles Alfred Herbert stands here by my side, and I beg

of you to look with respectful sympathy upon the young man, in whose veins you can trace patrician blood, who has been so long and so cruely deprived of the claim upon the home of his father and of his position in society. If I did not know that God's greatest attribute is mercy, I should fear that my crime was to great to be forgiven. For what greater crime could I commit than to depress the widow and wrong the orphan."

The lawyer then read the names of the witnesses, folded up his parchment, placed it in his pocket, and looked at his companion as if waiting further orders.

"Tis now far advanced in the night" said young Herbert, "and it is the hour when the human passions run wildly in the unhappy, and I shall leave you, madam, turning and facing Mrs. Reynolds, to the companionship of your own thoughts, which I deem will be a most unwelcome reflection." Then drawing himself up with great dignity, and bowing coldly, he left the house.

Lawyer Fitzgibbons, who had retired into his private office which led from the sitting room, heard all, and made his appearance, leaning against the door as if for support, and his face pale as the sheeted dead.

"Madam, said he, in a deep voice, I have always known that a cloud of mystery hung over you, and for years I have endeavored to penetrate through it. But I understand all now. The crimes and intrigues of your life are exhibited for observation. Picture if you can the sufferings you made the innocent endure. Whether you can survive the shame of this night I do not know. But this I do, that you and I are no longer one. The revelations of to night have built a wall of separation between you and I forever. Oh! if you have

a spark of Christian fire in your soul, make reparation."

Then turning to the young man, who stood with folded arms looking so woe-beyone and wretched that lawyer Fitzgibbons was moved with pity, "Charles, said he, from my soul I pity you, and would I could alleviate your anguish. My days are like the latter harvest, your's are yet in the spring. My partnership with the world will soon be dissolved ; but you, poor, youth, full of hope and ambition, in the bright sunshine of your life to be crushed to earth by such an avalanche of sorrow."

Then facing his wife who stood like a statue, neither moving or speaking, and pointing his finger in an attitude of scorn, said, in a voice scarcely audible :

"You drove a helpless babe from the home of its forefathers, and your actions have driven your own son and husband from their home ; and you, yourself, will have no home again to call your own. Oh! for worlds, I would not witness your closing account with time ! The retrospect of your past life must fill your soul with horror and remorse ! I leave here to-morrow, and upon me your eyes will never rest again."

He then returned into his office, closed the door, and all through the night could distinctly be heard the footsteps of the lawyer, pacing up and down, which evidently betrayed the tumult within.

Mrs. Fitzgibbons still remained in the same immovable position, and perhaps might have remained so till morning, but the word mother. pronounced in a low, sad voice, effectively aroused her to consciousness. She looked wildly around, and seeing Charles approaching, advanced to meet him, but would have fallen to the floor had

he not ran and caught her. He rang the bell and her own maid assisted in carrying the unhappy woman to her room. After some time she recovered sufficiently to be able to converse. She held out her hand to Charles, who, seated by her beside, looked the very picture of despair and misery. Their eyes met and both burst into such a flood of tears that only ceased when both were exhausted.

Charles was the first to speak, trying to control his grief, and assume a composure he did not possess. He answered his mother kindly and affectionately, stood by her all that night bathing her temples, which seemed to burn like coals of fire.

Coming towards morning, over the stormy tempest of their sorrow there came a calm, and both rested for some hours.

At nine o'clock, Charles visited lawyer Fitzgibbons' office and found him busily employed and preparing to leave.

"Don't be to premature in your actions, said the young man, as he grasped the lawyer by the hand, the house is yours, and the furniture is your personal property. No claim can be made upon it by anyone. 'Tis only on myself comes the claim, and I will resign all right and title when upon proper examination I find the statement made last night can be substantiated."

"What do you propose to do, asked Lawyer Fitzgibbons ?"

The young man drew a heavy sigh and replied:

"The best I can. I am young and strong; the world owes me a living, and, with ambition, I hope to maintain my mother and myself."

"Its an awful contemplation, Charles." And they embraced each other and wept as only broken hearts know how.

"When I married your mother, she was a beautiful woman. You were but a child. We lived peacefully together, you were always obedient and affectionate, and I loved you with a father's love. Is it not hard to be separated and under such humiliating circumstances? The grasp of poverty would not shame, but the reproach of a blasted name will crush me to earth. Only think of it, we, who held a high position in society, to be flung down, sneered at and jeered at by all classes, high and low, beggar and nobleman, I tell you it is killing me. I am not animated by any spirit of egotism, nor is it egotism to seek the good opinion of mankind, for without the respect of the community in which we live, it is very disagreeable if not impossible to keep afloat. My desire is to get away from here before the affair is noised abroad."

"When are those fellows coming again?" inquired the lawyer, sharply. While he was yet speaking the bell rang. Both men looked at each other for a moment.

"Now," said Charles, "for another act," and quitted the room.

In the hall he met the servant, who announced the arrival of the strangers.

He entered the reception room, bowed coldly and politely. Turning to the lawyer, he said, "here is my card, which will inform you where the location of my office is situated, and, if upon investigation, your claim proves valid, I shall resign claim and title to the estate."

The mournful appearance of Charles, and the melancholy tones of his voice, elicited the warmer sympathy of the stranger's noble nature.

Upon the departure of the strangers, the young man retired to the room of his mother, where he

remained for some time, concerning plans which he thought would be conducive to her happiness under the circumstances.

"Charles," said the unhappy woman, "seek the governor, as Lawyer Fitzgibbons was wont to be called, tell him to remain and take charge of his affairs. I will proceed to Dublin, and remain there till joined by you."

Charles done as directed, but did not inform the lawyer that the intentions were those of his mother.

"No," he replied, "before the rising of to-morrow's sun I will be far away from here. Call an auction, sell everything, and dispose of the profits to your own advantage."

Charles remained silent, he knew it was useless to attempt to shake him in his determination.

Charles again besought his mother to arrange her affairs, as it was the intention of the governor to dispose of the household effects by auction.

"I am willing," she replied. But oh! who could picture the inward agony of that grief-stricken woman, so suddenly deprived of her luxurious home,—disgraced in the eyes of those whose esteem she sought.—going out into the cold world in the winter of life. Oh! it was a fearful retribution,—and the unhappy creature knew it, and felt it. She thought within herself it was easy to go among strangers, who knew naught of her crime and its consequence. She could conceal herself among strangers, but from her own conscience where could she hide. From memory and remorse she could not fly; the bitter thought was ever forcing itself upon her, what she was and what she might have been, had her career been honorable.

"Mother," said Charles, "retire into your dressing room, while the porter takes away your baggage."

Poor youth, he struggled to suppress his intense grief.

The train bore away that night two broken hearts; one in the person of Lawyer Fitzgibbons, who was overcome with confusion when he thought of the plight of the woman he loved. In another part of the train sat the deserted wife, bowed down by remorse and reflection. Neither knew of the other's presence till the train reached the depot. She was therefore thoroughly astounded when she perceived Fitzgibbons. They looked at each other and the desolate woman would have fallen on the platform had the conductor not supported her, such was the effect produced by the estrayed look of her husband.

When the auction was announced the friends and acquaintances of the family were astounded. Reports of every description were abroad. But the true state of affairs was not known for months afterward. Some were sincere in their sorrow, others raised their shoulders, blinked their eyes, and remarked, such is life. Meanwhile the furniture was disposed of, and the house, which was only leased, was returned to the owner, and the name of Fitzgibbons was buried in oblivion.

Upon her arrival in Dublin she obtained apartments in a quiet and respectable locality. The house was built in a very peculiar manner, each of the three families having a private entrance. It was an awful change to poor Charles, brought up in the very lap of luxury, residing in a mansion, servants in livery, no desire but was anticipated, now limited to five rooms, thrown upon his own resources, all his day dreams blighted, every bright hope his young heart conceived and cherished now crushed. What wonder the world held out no more bright charms to him.

"Mother," said he, upon leaving the house one day, "do not permit your thoughts to dwell upon the past, for no tears will obliterate the evil which

is done. For the future have no fear, though the world forsake and despise you, I never shall;" and he folded her to his bosom.

The hand trembles and the heart of the writer throbs, for she knew poor Charles well. They were children together, and mourns she thus should have to record his melancholy end.

Poor fellow, it was the last time he embraced his mother. Upon going to his office in Talbot street, he met a young man whom he had not seen during two years. This acquaintance had known him in his days of splendor, and was acquainted with the sad change in his circumstances, but being too feeling and humane, he concealed from him the knowledge of his reverses.

"Charles," said he, "I am going to take a bath. Will you come?"

"Certainly," said he.

It was a fatal bath. Poor Charles went out too far, was rescued with difficulty, and borne home, followed by a crowd—not of friends—but of strangers.

The loud ringing of the bell summoned his mother to the door. Alas! the sight that met her gaze. One agonizing scream, and the poor woman become unconscious.

Upon the return of reason she found herself surrounded by kind and feeling-hearted women who spoke to her in soothing strains and tenderly administered all through the night to poor Charles' wants. One widow lady and her niece were assidious in their attentions. They offered their services to Mrs. Fitzgibbons, saying, she must take rest; and the worn out mother gladly accepted the offer.

On the fourth night of the accident, she sat by the beside of poor Charles. Poor fellow, he raved, and called the names of his associates.

"Polly,dear," he would cry, "why don't you come to me; you know my heart has long been given to you?"

She starts upon hearing her name; she recognizing the voice, and knew it was that of Charlie, who had changed his name when he arrived in Dublin, and assumed that of John Moore, of Moore Hall.

The poor girl reverted in thought to the happy gone by days, when all was hope and joy between them. Tears flowed from her eyes and her bosom heaved with emotion as she looked upon the wreck of the once splèndid young man, with whom she so often promenaded the festive halls, now lying upon a bed of sickness, forsaken by the gay butterflies which fluttered around him in his days of prosperity.

All through the long sad watches of that night, naught could be heard save the sighs of the weeping girl, and the moans of the dying man.

Oh! ye who have watched and prayed beside the couch of the loved one, and knew all earthly hope was at end, that your love and sorrow avail nothing, can you imagine the inward grief of that poor girl?

Peering through the lattice, came the rising sun, as if trying by its bright rays to cheer and console.

"Mother," said Charles, "will you come and bathe by brow?"

Polly rose quickly, and in a second was by his side. He was in one of his intervals of reason, and he knew the fairy form of her whom he loved.

"O, my Polly," he cried, "is this you?" and the poor feverish hand was stretched out to her. "Have you come? 'Tis like your own sweet self to stand by me in this sad hour. A dreary place for such a merry heart as yours."

Polly, as she was familiarly called, took both his hands in hers. She strove to speak, but could not; emotion choked her utterance.

"One trouble, darling," said he, "never comes alone. I suppose you know all. 'Tis consolation to know that I have one friend left in you. My young life is prematurely cut off, and my early death is no loss to any one save my poor distracted mother. Oh! what will become of her? What shall be her fate?"

Upon the conclusion of this sentence Mrs. Fitzgibbons came into the room, and approaching the bedside, met the wistful look of poor Charles. She knew from one glance the last leaf of the book would be closed ere the setting of another sun. Her mental agony was therefore intense. He was her dial round which her thoughts revolved. For him she sacrificed principle and conscience. Now he was to be taken from her, and the only link which bound her to earth would be severed,—forsaken as she was by friends and by those whom she had really served in their hour of adversity.

Everything that could be done for him proved unavailing. The fiat went forth, and the soul of Charles stood before his God.

Again the poor mother was cast upon the world. But this time she had no one to lean upon. She took the name of Digman, accepted any position she could obtain, and went down so low as to become a barmaid; and when she became incapable of performing any physical labor she actually descended to beggary, and stationed herself at Bray, a watering place some few miles from Dublin.

What a fitting retribution and reads an awful lesson to the heart. Here is a woman who once rolled in opulence and enjoyed all the happiness attached to wealth and desire; who moved in the first circles of society, now hurled from her high

position, and separated from associates who esteemed her acquaintance an honor.

The writer of this narrative knew Mrs. Fitzgibbons when a girl, and well she remembers the joke played upon her by some young people, who lived near the Fitzgibbons' mansion, and felt keenly the neglect shown them by her, because their means permitted them not to share the same sphere with her. Many of them were persons who once stood high in society, but reverses and the vicissitudes of fortune cast them down. But Mrs. Fitzgibbons had very little sympathy for such people, though she knew they were superior to her in refinement and culture.

But to return to the joke. When the festivity held in honor of Charles' twenty-first birthday was at its height, several gentlemen arrived, presented their cards, and were admitted. Mrs. Fitzgibbons hastened to her husband and demanded why he should extend invitations without consulting her? "Who are they?" he inquired. They were pointed out to him. He was annoyed, and declared he sent no invitations to them.

Among the unwelcomed guests, was one Dunlap, the overseer of the chimney sweepers. His hands were inclosed in white kids, which fitted them so tightly as to prevent them from budging.

Mr. Dunlap was requested to show his card.

After some difficulty he succeeded in getting rid of the gloves, which lay in fragments on the floor.

The discomfiture of Mr. Dunlap was ludicrous when he looked at his swolen, red hands.

"I would not," said he, greatly excited, "confine my hands again in such a straight jacket for all the flareup's that even the Lord Mayor could give." Then, after a pause he handed Fitzgibbons a soiled sheet of note paper. "This," said he, "is my invitation."

The pompous lawyer would not so much as touch it. But exclaimed, "I do not know you, sir! Did not invite you, sir! I know nothing of you, sir! Waiter, show these men to the door."

Dunlap appeared to be greatly hurt and annoyed. Turning to the Lawyer, who stood with folded arms, and regarding him with a look of scorn, said. "I may not be as rich as you, but my antecedents are just as respectable. And the day may yet come, when your arrogant pride will be humbled."

How little the host and hostess of that grand assemblage deemed that ere many months this prediction would be fulfilled.

The reader will remember that Charles was reading to his mother, when the loud ringing of the bell and the entrance of the strangers disturbed them. The morning papers gave an account of a shipwreck on the coast of Florida. Among the few that were saved, was one young man who was found lashed to a plank. He was conveyed to the house of a humane planter, who cared for him like the Good Samaritan. His daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, nursed him with a sister's devotion. Within a few weeks he was restored to perfect health. He then considered it time to seek his native land. When he informed the young girl of his resolve, he perceived a cloud pass over the face of the lovely girl, and encouraged by it he declared that he was leaving his heart behind.

"Can you tell me," said he, in a playful tone, "who has got it?"

"I have it," said she, giving him one of her mischievous looks, "and I'll keep it, but in return I will give you mine."

Her frank and innocent acknowledgement of her love moved the young man to tears. He took

her hand and conveyed it to his heart. "Every throb of this," said he "beats for thee."

The young girl layed her head upon his shoulder and wept.

So absorbed were they that they did not perceive the entrance of the old man.

"Ah," said he, "it is as I expected."

"Father," said Olive, for that was her name, "Charles is going to leave us."

The old man started violently.

"What!" said he, "so soon. It is I trust not for long."

"I thank you from my soul," replied the rescued sailor, "for your kind care and hospitality; but above all for the good opinion you entertain of me,—a mere stranger. And I trust you will never regret the hour you beheld my shipwrecked form."

"From what I have seen of you, young man, I am convinced that your heart is truthful, and your nature honorable."

"Olive, child of my heart, come here, and tell me if you love this sailor boy ?"

The young girl blushed and hesitated.

"Silence gives consent," said he. "Give him your hand, and I'll know that you accept him."

She gave him her hand, and the youth pressed it to his lips.

The old man bowed his head and wept.

"Don't stay too long. My days are almost numbered. I will soon be gathered into the grainer; and I will meet death cheerfully, when I know that the child of my heart has a protecting arm to shield and defend her "

"I will protect her till death !" the sailor answered. "Silver and gold I have none; but I am young and strong, and willing to merit from the world the living it owes me."

"I did not ask," said the old man, "aught that you possess of the world's goods. I do not seek riches,—I have enough for both. All I require is an honorable heart, and that I feel convinced you possess. I give you my child, and with her a father's blessing."

The next morning he took the train and was soon far away from the girl of his love.

I will labor for her he mused, and the aim of my life, shall be her happiness. I only regret that I have no wealth to offer. Oh ! young man, little you know of the inheritance which awaits you, That under the humble roof in which you were raised, a scene will occur that will surprise and astound you.

The birds were singing their sweetest notes —nature appeared lovely in her summer garb.

He reached the home of his mother, who lay upon the point of death. When she heard his voice, she exclaimed: "Oh ! has he come?" and she seemed to derive new strength and vigor. "Now, I will die happy."

The young man entered the sick room, and quickly advanced to the beside.

"What is the matter, my dear mother?" he anxiously inquired.

"I am ill, Charles; Oh ! so ill."

"You are ill, my dear mother, but you will soon recover, now that I am home."

While he was speaking, the door opened, and a venerable form entered.

"Father," said the sick woman, "how opportunely everything appears to act. Here is the young man, the heir of whom I spoke."

The clergyman extended his hand, saying, "it seems as though the sea had given you back in order that this poor woman might have the opportunity of repairing the wrong she has done

you. Go quickly to the residence of the magistrate, Mr. Odel, and from thence to Lawyer Byron and tell them I am here, and waiting for them."

The young man hastened to obey, wondering what it all meant; but he was not destined to remain long in the dark. He listened with awe and emotion to the disclosures of her, whom from his infancy he called mother; and deemed so upright and good. For though she consented to make him the victim of an odious plot, she treated him kindly, and by her tenderness and affection won his love and esteem.

When the lawyer requested her to sign her signature, Charles gently enabled her to sign it.

"Father," she exclaimed, "I am now done with the world, and I feel thankful to you, and those gentlemen who are here to bear witness to my statement which will restore to the orphan his birthright and privileges."

The magistrate, together with the priest and lawyer, immediately withdrew after signing the document.

"Charles," she slowly asked, "do you forgive me?"

"From my soul," he solemnly replied, "I freely forgive you;" and the words fell like angels songs on the ears of the dying woman.

Charles laid the mortal remains of Mrs. Reynolds in the grave of her mother.

In a few weeks he found the Fitzgibbon residence, accompanied by the lawyer, who drew up the statement of Mrs. Reynolds.

The reader is aware of what followed.

When his business transactions had been accomplished, upon the sunny South he turned his thoughts, and felt grateful to that Great Power who rules over the destinies of men, that there was one being left whom he knew loved him; but for her, his life would be lonely and desolate.

When he arrived in Florida, he went at once to the home of his betrothed, and was received with a welcome he knew was sincere.

"So you have come to take away my Olive," said the old planter, and tears checked all further utterance.

Charles laid his hand on the old man's shoulder and said, "I shall not deprive you of the society of your beloved child. It is June now, and you must come and spend the summer with Olive and I, and we will spend the winter with you."

"O, yes, father," said the delighted girl, "you will come with us ?"

The old man smiled assent to the arrangements of the young people. Charles in the meantime concealed from Olive and her father the fact that he was heir to a vast domain. They knew he possessed an honest heart, a kind disposition, and well trained ambition. To them such rare acquirements were sufficient recommendation. How great was their astonishment, when a carriage drawn by four horses met them at the depot. A procession of tenants headed by a band of music, which escorted them to Herbert Hall; the servants gathered round the entrance, and when Herbert alighted to assist his bride from the carriage, a murmur of admiration came from them. When Olive entered the superb drawing room, she was amazed to behold a bevy of ladies and gentlemen, who formed a surprise party to welcome their arrival. Charles was equally astonished, for most of them were strangers to him; but they introduced themselves to him, and his fair bride from the sunny South.

Music and dancing formed the programme of the evening. Morning came and with it the conclusion of my story.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF
THE LAMENTED

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Our Country is smitten and plunged into grief;
The eagle is weeping o'er the death of the chief;
Our banner half-mast seems sadly to wave,
And all our surroundings wear the gloom of the grave.

His hand on the helm and earnestly working,
Unconscious that danger was secretly lurking,
Stood Garfield, the chosen, true to the nation,
That placed him in power, adorning his station.

When lo! he was felled by a dastardly hand;
Yet how Christian his conduct, how gallant and grand,
The true soldier is never more noble or brave,
Than facing the danger which leads to the grave.

Had the wound been received from the foe on the field,
How willing his life for his country he'd yield;
But shot by a coward, a deep wily knave,
Too base to become the serf of a slave.

The brow of the nation blushed in its shame,
That aught could be found to tarnish the name
Of its glorious Republic, born not to die,
Though slaughtered the eagle, the flag rent on high.

No cannons were booming, no drums beat alarm,
No war bugle sounded, calling to arms;
The sword of Columbia reposed in its sheath,
Entwined round the nation hung the green olive wreath.

Like the soldier he was, he feared not his post,
Never shrinking from danger, no matter what coast,
No sunshine, no storm could induce him to swerve
From the cause he had sworn to honor and serve.

The nation was smiling in its joy and content,
Its smiles and its hopes are broken and rent—
He was gloriously steering, and the compass and chart,
Were his own noble nature, his great honest heart.

From the day he first leaned on the executive chair,
The people absorbed all his thought and his care;
Not a murmur he lisped in his torture and pain,
For his country he mourned he thus should be slain.

Though the nation's bereaved, it is not in despair,
For its interest other rulers will labor and care;
But no hope for the poor stricken wife in the morrow,
Alas! the future will yield no balm to her sorrow.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF
THE LAMENTED

PETER COOPER.

Slowly move the funeral pall;
Gently let the cold earth fall;
Lower him where the sun will shine—
'Round his grave the ivy twine.

Within the narrow gloomy vault,
Oh! let not his grave be wrought;
Place him 'mid the light and air—
Give all a chance his grave to care.

And when returns each cheering spring,
To his grave sweet flowers we'll bring;
The placid moon, with its pensive light
Shall flood his grave in the watches of night.

For while o'er his grave the poor are weeping,
The fruit of his heart his soul is reaping;
To Heaven he's gone, forever to share
The glory he won by the poor man's prayer.

He was no Divas in purple clothing,
Living to feast the poor man loathing,
He was no proud worshipper of pelf,
He lived for others not for self.

His benevolent hand was open for all,
And quickly extended to philantropy's call;
He did not wait to part with his gold
Till death was near and his heart grew cold.

His life was good—and wondrously great,
From boyhood up to manhood late,
That every nation knows his fame—
Every household loves his name.

Above his grave they need not raise
Agranite shaft his life to praise;
A monument great he's left behind
Which long will aid and bless mankind.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF
THE LAMENTED

REV. WILLIAM HARVEY JOHNSON.

The Rev. William Harvey Johnson was one of the most prominent ministers of Brooklyn, and though he is dead, his fame is known with the good works he performed in life. Many a desolate home he cheered. Benevolence and love of the poor were his most conspicuous virtues; he was never content save when distributing his charity. He sowed the seeds of love, and they grew up and choked the weeds of contention. No matter how forlorn and despised the sinner was. No matter how hardened and abandoned the transgressor might be, it had no weight on him what sort of creature it was, whether he be a pagan or an infidel, he sought and nourished him into new life and vigor. When this good man died, they gathered round his bier and paid homage to his memory; and well they might, for was he not to them a guardian spirit ever shielding them from sin and sorrow. He is a remarkable good man who devotes his leisure in relieving the wants of the poor. And such a man was William Harvey Johnson.

Why assembled on the stoop
Such a sorrowful weeping group?
Why peals the organ low and sad?
In mourning, why so many clad?

In plaintive tones, why tolls the bell?
Oh! misery, the tale we tell :
B'neath that dark and sombre lid
Forever from our view is hid

A man whose worth conspicuous shone;
Whose kindness all hearts had won;
Who saved the poor from deep despair;
Whose wants were all his thoughts and care.

Who did not deem it brought him low
To list to their sad tale of woe;
Who did not think his time misspent
To follow whither the erring went.

Regardless of their creed or race,
Win them back from crime to grace;
Despised, rejected, he sought the more
As seeks the ocean bird the shore.

But, alas! he's gone, and our hearts are hushed
In the silence of grief, for the life that's crushed;
His labors and teachings are past away;
The fruit will be known the final day.

Oh! the desolate homes that he has cheered
The hearts he gladdened whom want had seared;
In his own loved home a lustre he shed
Still shining on, though the star is fled.

A LECTURE

UPON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

THE subject I am to entertain you with this evening is one of the most important that can possibly engage the attention of man's mind. I mean immortality. Is it not a beautiful theme? Thoroughly exercising all the reasoning powers man possesses.

By the teachings of Holy Writ, man may look into the wonderful mysteries of God with reverential awe, and submit his reason to the obedience of faith.

We read in the second chapter of Genesis, that "God formed man from the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." "Let us make man," said the Almighty, "like unto ourselves."

Now, my dear friends, this certainly shows that the three persons of the blessed Trinity must have held solemn commune. Remember man, thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return. What shall return to dust? Which? the body or the soul? It evidently cannot be the soul, for that is not conceived of dust. It is the body which must return to the earth, for that is composed of the clay of the earth. Man then is composed of two portions, a body and a soul. The

body, therefore, after death, is committed to earth, but the soul stands before the bar of God for judgment, to render there an account of the sins committed while in the flesh. Before the soul left the body man was the reflected likeness of God, eternal in its duration as the heavens itself. Yes, the soul will live on during the long ages of eternity, either supremely happy or deplorably wretched. We must remember that it is in our power to save or destroy it. Let the position of man be ever so noble or exalted, he will not be shielded from the arrow of death. Men may be drove on by a foolhardy arrogance, as was the case with Voltaire. He was a bright and brilliant youth, studying for the pulpit at the propaganda. One day a celebrated phrenologist observing the remarkable appearance of the youth, placed his hand upon his head, exclaiming, "you will one day be the standard bearer of infidelity." How truly the prophecy was fullfilled. All Europe was shocked by his denial of an Almighty. Like all other promulgators of an infidel creed, he had his friends and admirers, who fully identified themselves with his blasphemy. It is impossible to mention the exact number of souls he was the means of bringing to destruction. He lectured in language so eloquent and flowery that he succeeded in enticing a considerable portion of the youth of Italy to his feet. But how long did his blasphemy continue? Time, which puts an end to all earthly things, cut him short in his wicked career.

Dr. Young, of England, also gives us a thrilling description of another infidel, whose name was Altomont. Dr. Young, who was a clergyman of the established church, paid him a pastoral visit. When he entered the room, the infidel cried out,

"you and the physician have come to late. You both aim at miracles—you would raise the dead." The doctor proposed prayer. "Oh! pray you who can, I never prayed nor need I now, yet nothing but an Almighty could inflict what I feel." The Dr. was about to congratulate him upon acknowledging the first prime article of faith, when the infidel suddenly exclaimed: "Hold! hold! that is the rock upon which I split. I denied his name." He remained silent as long as sudden darts of pain would permit, until the clock struck, then with vehemence he exclaimed: "O, time! time! it is only but meet and just that thou should strike thy murderer to the heart! O, thou blasphemed, yet indulgent God, hell itself is a retreat if it hides me from thy fury!" And ere the sun—which it is hoped had seen few like him—arose, the young, gay, noble and ingenious Altomont expired.

Is it not audacious that man should doubt the power that created him. Let him only look abroad upon the beauties of nature and there see the scenes that are displayed by the workmanship of an incomprehensible God, who is perfect in knowledge, and mighty in power.

How can the infidel look upon the starry heavens, with all their bright and glowing luminaries? And when he sees the fields dressed in their summer garb, with all their varied flowers, so decidedly beautiful as to defy the pencil of the most accomplished artists. Again, let him go to the sea coast, and cast his eye over the unmeasured deep. Let him take a view of the trackless ocean, when troubled by the storm that wages war on its waters. Surely his own reason ought to convince him that nothing save the Supreme Being could present to the eye of man such mag-

nificent developments. Wonderful indeed are the mysterious works of God; and none more overwhelming grand than the creation of our own being.

"Let us make man," said the Almighty, and man came forth, one of the noblest works of his creation. And so overcome was the Royal prophet that he exclaimed O, Lord! we are fearfully and wonderfully made! Endowed with such splendid gifts from God, will, memory and understanding, that by a right use of all those powers, the soul is capable of maintaining her likeness unto God, fair and pleasing in his sight.

To a contemplative mind, the conception of the soul must form a beautiful and awful subject for reflection. And it would require the talent of an angel to give a lecture upon a subject so grand and expansive in its nature. And, indeed, I should apologize for attempting to do so; but the relation of the soul and body has ever been my wonder and admiration. The body also is wonderful in its construction, so many arteries and veins all working so systematically, that a slight mishap overthrows the entire uniformity of the action of the body. It is surprising, taking into consideration how easy it is to injure the machinery of the body. Sudden deaths would be of more frequent occurrence, were it not for the shielding arm of the Great Architect himself, who perpetually delights in protecting him from harm and accident. And though perfect the body, without the soul is powerless; nevertheless the body has some influence on the soul; hence this internal warfare between the body and the soul, as if each were striving for the ascendency. If the body wins the victory, then sin takes place. This was the case of Eve; she took the fruit because it

pleased her gaze, and she hankered for it. Immediately were taken from her, all her purity and beauty, thus causing her posterity to be overwhelmed with sorrow unutterable.

Oh! what a beautiful sight in the eyes of God must have been the soul of Adam before destroying sin wrote his guilty name upon it, and stamped upon his body that beautiful shrine, the seal of death. No sooner did he partake of the forbidden fruit than sin took possession of his soul, innocence there upon departed from his soul forever, shame took its place. Hence his confusion in the presence of God; for shame and sin are inseparable companions. Oh! if Adam had not fallen, how different would be our lot.

But the soul has yet a powerful anchor to rest upon the merits of the Redeemer; he knew the priceless value of the soul, consequently he died to restore its former grandeur and inheritance, the kingdom of heaven. Yes to restore the glorious possession of heaven to fallen man. The meek Mesiah left the bosom of his father's glory and if man possessed no soul, why would he veil his omnipotence and take upon him our fallen humanity.

As far back, even before the coming of the Redeemer, there was one among the heathen philosophers called Socrates, he was appointed by the people of Athens to teach the youth their duty to the gods. Socrates conceived the idea that there could be but one God; he openly declared his conviction; such a declaration in those days was considered worthy of death. He was, therefore, condemned to drink the juice of the hemlock, a poisonous weed, in atonement for his lofty conception. And I know you must be all aware of that magnificent soliloquy of

Cato, a Roman Senator, in the days of paganism itself. He applauds Plato for his reasoning powers on the immortality of the soul, and expresses his admiration in language few can imitate, and none can excel.

I hope it will be observed, that I am far from discrying that noble faculty, reason, when exerted in her proper sphere and acting in deferential subjection to the revealed will of God. While she exercises her power within those appointed limits she is unspeakable servicable, and cannot be too industriously cultivated. But when she sets herself up in proud contradiction to the sacred oracles. When all arrogant and self sufficient she says to the Sacred Scriptures, I have no need of thee, then I am bold to maintain that she is a glow-worm, a snare. Poor human nature with all its weaknesses should not dare to set up her opinion against the infallible judgment of God; that God, whose power is unlimitable. How is it feasible to suppose that man, who cannot comprehend himself, who is incapable of knowing his own heart, whose judgment and opinion are so prone to error, how can he, from the very nature of his weakness, pretend to fathom the immense, the wonderful, the inscrutable works of God? That God, who manifests his power in so many different ways, who, as the Scripture informs, holds the ends of the earth in the hollow of his hand; whose mighty sceptre is wielded over the entire universe. That universe which is so astounding in its construction, so completely beautiful in formation, so delightful to the eye in the magnitude of its conception, that the very infidel has to declare, there is something singularly captivating in the scenery of nature. But above all the works of God, stands preeminently conspicuous the im-

mortal soul of man; the soul that informs and honors our clay; the soul that teaches us to think, that enables us to choose, that qualifies us to relish rational pleasure and breathe sublime desires; the soul that is endowed with such noble qualities. The glorious capacity of being pained or blessed forever. The soul surpasses in worth whatever of material the fancy can imagine. Before one such intellectual being all the treasures and all the magnificence of intelligent nature becomes poor and contemptible; for this omnipotence has planed and worked through every age to convince the soul the fundamental laws of nature have been controlled, and the most amazing miracles have astounded all the ends of the earth. To instruct the soul the wisdom of heaven has been transfused into the Sacred Page; to sanctify the soul the Almighty Comforter takes the wings of a dove, and with a sweet transforming influence broods on the human heart. Oh! to redeem the soul from hell, the heavens of heavens has been bowed down, and God himself came to dwell on earth. Oh! of what vast importance did God consider man. How much he valued the immortal he created. For the soul even of fallen man possesses unquestionable greatness and dignity, majestic though in ruins. The humblest individual that stands upon God's footstool possesses superior dignity in his own person. And is it any wonder it should be, when his image and likeness is made like unto God. Oh! if man could remember his own loftiness, and the mighty purpose for which he was created, how different would be his course through life, if the recollection could dwell upon his mind, that his soul was to live forever? Yes, live as long as God himself; that the grand appearance of nature upon which man loves to

look shall wither and decay like the dead leaves in Autumn. Even the very sun that now rolls in triumph round the world, and distributes gayety from his radiant eye; yes, the sun will be shrouded, and over a wrecked universe rise no more. The hand of time will lay waste all that is transcendingly magnificent in nature. But over man, exalted man, time will have no power; his soul will live on over a ruined world, and the final period of things. When one potent word of God will consign a world to desolation, the soul in the plenitude of its own immortality will triumphantly exist. As the soul of man is predestined to live forever, is it not unaccountably strange that man should neglect and forget that the longest life appears short when about to close.

My friends, I hope you will not think that I am going to give a sermon. I should not attempt, nor should I dare usurp a calling which belongs not to woman. But I claim the privilege of moralizing. The very nature of my subject is moral; a lecture on the mighty works of God, as they are displayed throughout the world, must and should command universal attention, and indeed language is inadequate to describe God's goodness in the creation of the world. For instance, let us contemplate the seasons as they roll in succession after each other:

Winter comes with all its fierce, terrific grandeur, and yet enchanting from its very wildness. What a chaste appearance does the earth present when covered over with one vast sheet of snow? It seems as if nature was arrayed in her bridal robes, of such exquisite beauty and purity, as to call forth the admiration and wonder of the beholder. And let us also admire the indescribable goodness of the great Author of nature; those

very mantels of snow afford protection and nutrition to the earth over which they are spread, and therefore goes to show what anxious care God takes in the welfare of what will benefit, and how solicitous he is to promote the comfort of man.

Spring comes next with all her smiles and tears, with all her buds and blossoms, with hopes to cheer and exhilerate the heart of man, and urge him on to works of labor.

Closely following comes summer with all her birds and songs, with all her fruits and flowers, to gladden and delight the soul of weary man. How generous and benevolent is the great God of nature in all his gifts to man? Spread out before him in the most lavishing manner is all that is beauteous and magnificent to look upon. Flowers, whose perfume and loveliness fascinate the senses and take captive the heart.

Fall approaches, with her sad and mournful appearance, as if regreting that summer, with all her gay delights, has passed away. Dressed in a brown garb she appears cold and comfortless, and her melancholy voice is heard sighing among the trees and flowers that a little while before basked in the sunshine of a summer's sun. How visible does that gloomy season of the year recall to our minds that our own lives are also on the wane; the flowers and fruits that have passed away are emblematic of our own destiny. We, too, will drop, one by one, and vanish from the earth. Jesus, prepare us for its approach, defend us when it comes.

So you see, my friends, the awful wickedness to doubt for a moment, or to call into question the existence of that God, whose will sustains the face of nature; that God who has not left himself without a witness, the mark of whose footsteps

are evident throughout the globe; the touch of whose fingers are distinguishable upon every creature. All the revolving worlds above, all the living atoms below, together with all the beings that intervene between those wide extremes, are vouchers for an ever present Deity. The thunder that rolls over our heads, the lightning that flashes with the swiftness of thought, the roar of the mighty waters which compose the cataract are sufficient proof that there reigns over all a Supreme, Almighty power, who often sends forth the bolt of thunder, and the rushing of the tempest, as if to remind man of his deplorable weakness, and absolute dependence upon Him.

Is not history, both sacred and profane, full of records where an angry God has sent forth upon the world the destructive elements of fire and water as a judgment upon man for his forgetfulness and crimes? Let us glance back to the days of pagan Rome, when the cities of Pompei and Herculaneum were steeped in crimes, too filthy to mention. They believed not in God, but that belief did not save them; and so sudden was the destruction that overwhelmed those unfortunate cities that the inhabitants were taken wholly unawares. The chisel was in the sculptor's hand, the painter was at his canvass, the poet in the highest hour of inspiration, when the hidden fire within the volcano of Mount Vesuvius was lit up by the breath of an angry God, and the magnificent cities of Pompei and Herculaneum were buried beneath the ashes and lava that swept down upon them; when that God, whom they despised and would not know, sends forth his angry agents to anihilate and destroy them, and make manifest that he reigns, and has all power. Every kingdom and principality has its prefect. Without

those established rules, there would be no system of regulation, no happiness for man. And shall nature have no ruler? is the sea, the sky, the green woods and valleys to be left to themselves? Preposterous the idea! We then might expect to see the sun dislodged from his sphere run lawless through the firmament. What prouder consolation to the erring sinner than the existence of God and the advocacy of a Redeemer, who will reward his faith, fidelity and love. How deeply to be pitied is the condition of the infidel, notwithstanding the applause of his admirers.

I hold there cannot be a more convincing proof of the immortality of the soul than the feelings of our own heart. Is there not always a restless feeling of unhappiness, though surrounded on every side by the smiles of fortune, and enjoying all the pleasure which a life of wealth can confer? Nevertheless, though full possessors of all that the world admires and esteems, there's a void, in vacancy, a longing of the soul that the enjoyments of the world will never satisfy. The very yearnings of the soul, its very inspirations and aspirations, grasping and seeking for something else to its happiness, all which tells the soul that man was made by God, and will never rest happy till it rests with God. The greatest worshipper of the world has always to acknowledge that there is no permanency of its joys, no felicity in its patronage. Oh! this sad bright world of ours, how much is lost by those who worship at its shrine! What will be the surprise of the infidel when the sound of the last trumpet shall vibrate through the four corners of the earth, and summon the dead from their long sleep of the grave? when the crucified of Nazareth, the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father appears in all the majesty of his radient glory.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE AUTHORESS.

Oh ! was it destiny, or was it fate,
Which cheerless made the life of Kate ?
Or, did it please dame fortune's suit
To joyless rend my very youth ?

But it seemed as if I were iron-bound,
For naught could bring me to the ground ;
My enduring power seemed to double
With every care and every trouble.

Yet, I was not devoid of feeling,
Cold in heart, nor given to sneering.
I was not made of such bad stuff,
Nor did I easily take huff.

Sensative in age and youth,
Feeling my sorrows keen, acute,
Though wronged by many, and treated ill,
I was the same admantine still.

And when my husband bought a farm,
Having in view to shield from harm
His little children from city life,
Where bad example is so rife.

Ah, the reader will never know the toil
Performed by me upon that soil ;
Yet I never murmured, but labored still
Through summer's heat and winter's chill,

Until the farm became a knot
Of flowers, of fruits, a lovely spot;
Fields of wheat, of corn and rye,
Which I preserved in a barn dry.

Fowls of every size and breed,
Taking from my hand their feed;
A cow so gentle and so tame
That to my call in evening came.

One evening in the month of May,
The time for sowing the seed of hay,
My husband kept at the house within,
Looking pale, cold and thin.

What can ail you, Richard, dear?
By your looks you are ill I fear.
He rose a moment, then stood still,
And o'er him came an awful chill.

He went to bed—O, who could think
That he so soon would fail and sink.
Next morning he was weak and sick—
Could hardly walk without a stick.

He that was so powerful and strong,
You'd deem his years would be quite long;
Alas! those who seem so strongly made
Are o'ft the first to soonest fade.

The doctor came, and merely told
'Twas only a slight and trifling cold—
Those trifling colds warm hearts have chilled,
And numerous grave yards they have filled.

And so it was in Richard's case—
A trifling cold made pale his face,
That once was so healthy to look upon,
Now dejected, pale and wan.

That noble form, so tall, and straight,
Began to bend beneath the weight
Of sickness, sorrow, pain and grief,
To feel and know how soon and brief

Would be his days—and that his wife
Alone would have to bear the strife
Of a cold, unfeeling, heartless world,
On which, alas ! she must be hurled.

Farewell, my darling, a long farewell,
If in heaven my spirit dwell,
For the little ones and you'll I pray,
And God will hear what I shall say.

Then came the icy-hand of death—
Shorter, shorter grew his breath—
And it was pitiful to see
The little children on their knee

Calling in their childish cry,
O, papa ! papa ! do not die !
O'er that sad scene I'll draw a vail,
And hide from the world their bitter wail.

The bell bad nearly ceased to toll,
And the mourning carriage cease to roll,
When I made up my mind to school
My grief, and keep it under rule.

The time came on to mow the hay--
And while my children were at play,
At early morn I rose from bed,
The hay I mowed on the grass to spread.

It quickly dried, and I labored then
To place it near the horse's pen.
But found it hard the cart to load.
And guide the horse on a stumpy road.

Rapidly rolled bright summer away—
Autumn came in robes of gray ;
Out the potatoes I had to plow,
Just as well as I knew how.

Then I brought to the mill my wheat,
But the miller wanted half the weight ;
Forsooth, he deemed he was kind
Even at *that* my corn to grind.

Then I gathered my little crop—
Wood for the winter I had to chop ;
Being nearer South 'twas not so cold,
And neither wood or coal was sold.

Some months before my Richard died
Cords of wood he cut and dried—
Out on an open field they lay—
In dead of night were stole away.

Ah, I should feel indeed content
If that from me was all that went;
A neighbor came, with intentions meek,
Madam, with you I wish to speak.

I come myself, rather than send,
To know if you would kindly lend
The harness of your buggy, light,
Which I'll return e're close of night.

They were silver mounted, and I thought bad
To lend them—but I felt so sad—
My husband on his death bed lay,
So I let the harness go away.

Four weeks were nearly at an end,
He did not come, nor did he send ;
At last he came with the same soft tongue,
And announced, in his stable my harness hung—

And, madam, I am filled with grief
To have to tell : a lawless theif,
Under cover of night, stole in,
And carried away all things within.

For what from me were taken I do not fret,
'Tis the loss of your harness that I regret.
I replied, through my tears, your'e a farmer, strong
Why should you the widow and orphan wrong ?

Five dollars were all he gave to me,
Though they were valued at fifty-three.
The money I took, though I was sure
That he was lying; but I was poor.

Scarcely had three weeks rolled by—
One night the wind had blown high,
And ere the sun showed his orient crown
His house and stables were burned down.

I had a heifer, she was two years old—
I was in debt, and she had to be sold ;
A farmer knew I was in a fix—
All he gave me was, dollars, six.

Then a Jerseyite came, and proposed a plan—
I deemed he looked like an honest man;
Madam, I'll plant your land on share,
Depend on it, you'll find me square.

Of my farming utensils I gave him the use—
I gave him the seed—he gave me abuse;
Took care of the part he called his own,
But mine he left with weeds o'ergrown.

My farming tools were good, any many—
When he got through I had not any.
My share of the crop was very small,
It was only better than nothing a' all.

Next, I hired a farming man;
He said they called him working Dan;
But Dan in the woods all day would lurk,
And then pretend he was at work.

I toiled in sunshine, and in rain
My farm to keep, but all in vain,
Nothing seemed to be doing well,
For taxes, I had my cow to sell.

I felt 'twas useless to longer strive;
I knew the bee must leave the hive,
So I closed the windows, barred the door,
My heart at leaving was sad and sore.

I took my little children by the hand,
And left forever my home and land;
Off to New York I made my way,
Arriving on a dark and desolate day.

Over my soul hung a heavy gloom,—
I envied the dead asleep in the tomb;
So lonely I felt when ushered in,
To a friendess, cold and pitiless Inn.

But my innocent children danced with joy—
From chair to chair ran my little boy;
The rooms were large, the curtains lace,
They made them veils to cover their face.

From the hotel rang the breakfast bell—
I was seized with a dismal spell;
The waiter showed me a bill of fare,
When I shook my head, O, didn't he stare.

Then I sought a friend whom I did not see
For years, and a friend she proved to me;
We were girls together, I found her the same,
Changed in nothing, save in name.

Her husband, too, was also kind, *
It seemed as if both combined
By every means to soothe my grief
And bring my troubled soul relief.

Before them, all my plans I laid,
And they approved of all I made.
By lecturing, I strove some funds to raise
But feared I'd fail to merit praise.

He gave me comfort, he gave me hope;
Lightened the weight of my heavy yoke.
On your courage said he much depends—
I'll sell the tickets among my friends.

The night came on, and with trembling heart
I gave the lecture, and through each part
Cheer after cheer, rose loud and high—
With effort I kept my poor eyes dry.

I never dreamed of such success;
A boon indeed in my distress.
Over the river next I went
To Williamsburgh, and there I spent

Sometime in seeking as before
A kindly friend to open his door.
Not long indeed had I to wait;
Soon was opened to me a gate.

A pilot an the Houston ferry, †
Who kindred dear himself did bury,
Deeply feeling for my distress,
Raised a lecture with great success.

Both him and wife spared no pains,
Neither sought they praise or gains;
Their many friends my tickets bought—
Fifty dollars to me they brought.

*A. B. Gallagher. †Richard Richards.

Was not that a sum indeed?
For little children in such need;
Other friends sold tickets too,
But comparative were but few.

In trouble, Oh! how soon we learn
Who feels for us the most concern;
When pity in the heart doth dwell
Deeds, not words, will always tell.

I lectured by night and worked by day;
Done all that in my power lay;
For doing such, was called a fool,
Told there was an orphan school

Where children of their kind and class,
In comfort their young days could pass;
Such words brought tears from my very soul,
And sorrow which defied control.

Upon my heart my hand I laid
To still its throbbing, while I said,
My children, while I live, shall share
A mother's love, a mother's care!

I knew for them God would care,
Even as he fed the birds of the air.
Their guardian angels kindly spread
Their wings of love, and they got bread.

One morning a letter came to me,
It was from friends far o'er the sea,
Saying they deemed it were wise
Again to seek my native skies.

So then I wrote some poems of taste,
Which were printed in good haste;
They made quite a pretty little book,
Well deserving a careful look.

And with the funds the books did yield,
Homeward I went, to my native fields;
Time I found new changes wrought,
I could not find the friends I sought.

Down in the earth long had they slept,
I sought their graves, and o'er them wept;
Friends were left whom I forgot,
Because I knew they loved me not.

Alas! that I should have to say,
My dearest friends had passed away;
And those that were left behind,
To me, indeed, were not so kind.

But one cousin was left, with her I stayed,
With whom in youth, I often strayed
Up mountain slope, down valley stream,
Echoing back our own wild scream.

Her name was Mrs. Peggy Roween,
Kind and loving she did screen
And shelter me beneath her roof;
Of her love, was not that proof.

No matter what was said or done,
She'd say in earnest, not in fun,
On her prosperity may not shine,
I'm her friend and she is mine.

I went to the lawyer, told my tale,
He shook his head, 'twas no avail;
He examined the will, could find no flaw,
And bonafide stands good in law.

Oh! hope, thou art a beacon light
That of't deceives the mariner's sight;
Upon the deep unmeasured sea,
A beacon false thou were to me.

Some said it was a silly act—
I knowing it was a sterling fact
That his father had years before
Against him cruely closed his door.

Ah! he never was a wayward youth—
I state naught save only truth;
His father's council would not scoff,
Why then in the will was he cast off?

It was because his creed he changed,
That his father's love became estranged,
And forth upon the world was cast
A filial son—but it is past.

Both long are sleeping within the grave,
And between each tomb rolls the ocean wave;
The father sleeps 'neath the shamrock's spray,
But the son is laid in the stranger's clay.

When I found the law against me went,
I deemed it wisdom to seek content;
I reasoned with myself, and said
Peace to the ashes of the dead.

I now must write in another style,
The reader may laugh, but I cannot smile;
Friends I thought would come to greet
Were the very ones I did not meet.

I called on a friend, he was profuse in good wishes,
But he locked in his closet, his wine and his dishes;
He was full of kind pity, and began to compare
The past with the present, so I rose from my chair.

My heart being full, and I so opprest,
He ceased his comparison at my earnest request;
He bowed and he scraped, was mighty polite,
And jumped with delight when I got out of sight.

Next I called on a lady of very large size,
She played the fox, with tears in her eyes,
Mrs. Odlum, my darling, please name the day
You'll come to my table to dinner, I pray.

The day come off for the very big feed,
But the kind lady was off to her farm field;
'Twas not by design; she went to see friends
And during my stay, made ample amends.

I called at a cottage; 'twas pretty and neat
The owner, my cousin, beat a retreat;
He flew from the parlor, to the garden fled,
Forgot in the hurry to cover his head.

But what grieved me most, when I'd pass a door
Which would open to me in days of yore,
And gladly would my company seek,
Deem it an honor if I should speak.

But death made times with me reverse,
They neither wished or sought converse,
One Dr. would always pass me by,
And on the ground would turn his eye.

I had a brother whom I dearly loved,
And although, alas! away I roved
Far from him and my native sill
A sister's love is with him still.

He was noble, generous and kind
His lofty heart refused to find
What others could discern so plain
The doctor's friendship was but a feign.

Poor law guardian was my brother then,
He lived in opulence and when
A man is rich his power is strong
He took that Dr., led him along,

Brought him before the guardian's all,
Proposed that he should get a call
As physician, in the house attend
My brothers voice was his best friend.

The reader, perhaps, will think that he
Would ever after grateful be;
But such was not the Doctor's heart,
Ingratitude was his leading part.

My brother took a handsome bride;
He danced attendance at her side,
Constantly dined in my brother's house
Loved good living, wine and grouse.

Chickens I used to love and rear—
The Dr. had the greatest share;
He came to the farm with gun and shot,
Put in for his dinner, cold or hot.

When I sailed from the States, alas, behind
Was left my daughter, and friends were kind
Enough to say it was indeed, a deep design
To leave behind that child of mine.

What wicked minds to thus conceive
A tender mother her child would leave
Out on the world's treacherous wave,
No friendly hand to guide or save.

Ah! the truth requires no varnished tale—
At three the steamer had to sail;
At twelve, she went friends to see,
Saying back she'd quickly be.

Up and down I wildly paced,
Thinking she yet might win the race;
But alas, my child was not in sight
When the craft of the ocean had taken flight.

No painter's brush, no poet's pen
Can e're describe what I felt then,
Like the heaving waves my troubled breast
All through the voyage knew no rest.

One friend indeed I must confess
Imposed on me, he did profess—
Such friendship that I did believe
He was far to noble to thus deceive.

Don't give way to such distress,
Fond friends, Eliza will possess;
Feel no anxiety or alarm,
Ill protect her from all harm.

But promises like icicles easily are broke;
Forgotten in a moment after they are spoke,
Another ocean steamer sails a week from to-day,
The Nevada, and I'll send her safe away.

The journey was irksome, and when I reached the shore,
I lodged near the harbor for a week and more
Awaiting the Nevada, relying on this friend,
Tnat in the ocean steamer my daughter he would send.

Oh! weary, weary watching for what cometh not,
Alas, from early childhood has been my fated lot.
The coming of the steamer I waited with anxious gaze
From dawn of early morning till twilight's purple haze.

I heard the seamen hailing, I saw she was in sight
No language can portray my joy and my delight,
But the joy that hope hath given was followed by despair
I boarded the vessel, alas! my daughter was not there.

All hopes defeated, for human nature 'twas too much,
And down among the machinery I made a fearful rush;
The bitter disappointment filled my soul with grief intense,
My actions were not guided by reason or by sense.

The engineer stood on the ladder, grasped me by the gown,
Just time enough to save me, for I was going heedless down,
He felt for my great sorrow, and sympathized with me—
He had an only daughter, and she was lost at sea.

I wrote from my cousin's, an answer quickly had,
The tidings were distressing, yet they made me glad;
I was stricken down with terror, imagined I would hear
Some evil hath befallen the child to me so dear.

When I received her letter, my anxiety was relieved,
Yet for leaving the States, my heart in secret grieved,
I felt so disappointed, and oh! so deeply pained,
That from my long journey I had nothing gained.

No complaining in her letter, yet I knew she could not say,
She found one sterling friend all the time I was away;
I bring my visit to an end for I fancy that the wail
Of my darling left behind comes with the ocean gale.

She was only a girl who from delicacy was spent,
Too tall for her years, had out-grown her strength;
Yet those who offered succor while I was o'er the wave
Considered she should be thankful though no idle hours gave.

Goldsmith, in his writings, declares friendship
but a name,
So it was with Mary, she found it just the same;
I trembled when I saw her, she looked so sad
and frail,
Even as the blossom is smitten by the gale.

Oh! would to fate that I'd forget, the remem-
brance gives me pain,
But repining availeth nothing and 'tis useless to
complain;
Then I sought a living again, began to toil
My brain was successful, but how I did recoil.

I'd write upon a subject to everyone well known,
Whose every word and line most truly were my
own;
Some would take the poem, remarking it was
well;
Desiring, would I please the name of the author
tell?

I replying yes, the author's present, here,
While harshly would greet a loud laugh on my
ear;
What, you to write a poem so beautiful as that?
Indeed, you can't deceive me, you are lying Mrs.
Pat.

Some would blink, and exclaim, write me but a
line,
And I'll give for your pains cents twenty-nine;
Sometimes I would write and ofttimes did de-
cline
Accordingly as felt this weary heart of mine.

Now I deemed it wisdom to give my brain rest,
And so for other labor I went off in quest;
Could I find ladies, real ladies I would nurse,
But of all my evils indeed that was the worse. *

*Don't mention it.

Those I found poor, were very, very proud,
Assuming high airs and saying I spoke loud;
Then I would speak in tones low and few
How do you suppose Madam, I can hear you?

'Twas vain for me to strive and please,
For some would delight to give no ease;
They thought it right my pride to bend,
And make me know I had no friend.

I met some hearts so small and narrow,
That should I eat enough they'd really harrow
Up my feelings by hints outthrown,
How very fat you late have grown.

Some would say, I can't tell why
Mrs. Odlum, you charge so high;
By you it should not be forgot
Nurse number one indeed you are not.

When I'd meet with a temper decidedly quick
That nature was genial, no claim to be sick,
But the face that wore smiles at nothing 'tall
Oh, the tongue of that woman was bitter as gall.

But there's misery in every sphere of life,
Though with some affliction is more rife—
We all may feel happy for a while
But, alas! it is only an April smile.

My darling daughter, Mary, the only one I ever had,
Whose happy smile would cheer me whenever I grew sad,
She was all my comfort, my hope and my delight,
But she is gone, the darling, forever from my sight.

In early fall, one evening, September '83,
She apparently was well and full of playful glee;
Said I was her baby and danced me on her knee—
Next morning she was ailing but kept from telling me.

I sent for the Dr., he seemed to take it light,
But deemed it more serious as onward came the night;
Of me ever thoughtful she strove her pain to hide,
But I knew from that hour I was to lose my pride.

She could not lie down, but pillowed in a chair,
And none but a mother may tell of my despair,
'Twas hard to hide my anguish for I was stricken wild,
To realize how soon I'd lose my darling child.

Tenderly and carefully I watched her day and night,
Mourning for the flower fading from my sight;
Oh! the agony of watching all I had on earth,
In whom my hopes were entered even from her birth.

Four weeks of anxious vigil was drawing to an end,
'Twere lonely in that house, for I had not a living friend,
Save another widow lady * who sincerely felt for me,
Kind and tender hearted; generous too was she.

She lost her only daughter, went through the same ordeal,
So her own afflicted heart knew how for me to feel;
Benevolent, considerate in action and in thought,
Indulging many a fancy, and dainties to her brought.

*Mrs. Turner, 173 N. Third St., Brooklyn, E. D.

But death was fast approaching—on came the dying scene;
When appeared the King of Terror, thank God she was serene;
No medicine was availing my darling child to save—
Between the hours of seven and eight her soul to God she gave.

Oh, you that are mothers, and stood by the dying bed
Of the loving and the loved you know the tears I shed,
I knelt beside my darling, watching her last breath;
Mine, the only hands that closed her eyes in death.

I strove to control my sorrow and prayed to be resigned,
But my constrained feelings refused to be confined;
When I gazed upon my daughter, and saw she was dead,
A congestive chill came o'er me, and I was born to bed.

I saught no undertaker, my intention was to stay
Alone with my dead child, till all had gone away;
Prostrate by sorrow, and powerless to think,
Reason indeed, was tottering upon the fatal brink.

In that supreme hour of desolation, and of grief,
A sterling friend stood by me to soothe and give relief;
The pilot's wife was there straight forward went to act,
Bringing into action her usual powerful tact.

She sought the undertaker, at midnight, without fear,
Accompanied by another, who in trouble was ever near;
And when the burial was over and all to their home had went,
The pilot's wife was feeling for the heart she knew was rent.

Oh, could we lift the curtain, through the future peer,
And see what awaits us in each coming year,
How we would stand aghast, cry out in despair,
Oh, Such misery as that no human heart could bear.

Yet much of our sorrow for each other we create,
And truthful in this record is what I now relate:
Twelve days within the grave my Mary only slept,
When the landlord,* inquired if I supposed he kept

A charitable institution for Tom, Dick and Harry;
If I did not pay his rent, there I should not tarry;
Have I not always paid you? I asked, through my tears;
One month is all that I am in arrears.

Three times he came before I an answer gave,
I asked were he a man, he retorted like a knave;
I'm not a woman, and to reproach began,
I'll dispossess you madam, and down the stairs he ran.

According to justice, to rent he had no claim,
The skylight was minus three panes in the frame,
And when the clouds gathered and the rain began to pour,
It lodged like a swamp before my daughter's door.

I went to the house, reported to his wife,
I feared the damp produced might shorten her life;
The answer I received when she came to the door;
I never heered such a fuss about a sek gerl afoore.

I told her, the Dr. all damp air had forbid;
She replied, with a brougue, hes an Ould fool if he did;
Her cruel words disturbed me; how much I then would give,
That my own sweet Mary in her house did never live.

I now close this record of tribulations great,
And may they be the last I shall ever state.

*Mr. Nolan.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE LAMENTED

REV. JOHN A. TREANOR.

Pastor of the St. Lawrence's Church.

Bright rose the morning sun on high;
The very leaves heaved not a sigh—
The heavens, in one blue cloud arrayed,
Smiled on the Pastor as he prayed.

In gentle tones like rivulets flow,
Uplifted hands and head bowed low,
The flock that to my charge you gave—
In mercy, O, my Saviour, save!

He left the altar, the hours flew—
Only God and his angel guardian knew
That never again his voice he'd raise
Within that church in prayer or praise.

Urged by motives pure and best
The zealous father sought the West,
Not for earthly weal or pleasure,
Nor any craven thought of treasure.

Save only what he might obtain
For the churche's benefit and gain;
The church was all he loved or sought,
For her alone he lived and wrought.

And thus, with holy purpose bent,
Onward with kind friends he went;
And wild scenes, in their wildness grand
Delighted the hearts of that traveling band.

They reached and left the Yosemite vale,
Refreshed and charmed by autumn gale;
But alas! there's mixed some dark alloy
With every human hope and joy.

The horses fled, the driver fell;
Alas! what followed we know too well:
Pale as the foam that lights the sea,
They found the father beside the tree.

Ah! who can know, or who can tell
The grief which on that party fell,
When he, the loved priest, passed away
Ere the rising son of another day.

Nor can words describe the grief, dismay,
Of the stricken flock on that sad day
When tidings came like a rushing tide
In the far off West, the father died.

Homeward they brought the honored dead,
Wrapt in his robes in his coffin bed,
He, who from their midst had went,
Buoyant in his hope and strength.

Ah! but there's waiting for him in the kingdom above,
To be placed on his brow by an angel of love,
Of flowers celestial, a garland so bright,
Equal only to saints' in radiance and light.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE LAMENTED

REV. FATHER BURKE, O. P.

Erin, Mavourneen, when your harp peals a tune,
'Tis only to weep o'er thy blight and thy ruin;
To sad notes alone your harp you will string,
While forever in anguish your songs you will sing.

But for some of your sorrow thy sons are to blame,
The children you love oft bring you to shame;
But, thanks to the fates, their numbers are few,
Ten may be false while thousands are true.

If a dark spot appears on our banner of green,
A similar stain other nations have seen;
'Midst the friends of Christ's bosom one gave away,
No nation so righteous but some will betray.

In vain your foes may seek to deride;
Your daughters are virtuous, your sons are your pride;
They've adorned the Church, the Senate and State—
The palm must be given in spite of all hate.

No soldiers more brave than thy sons on the field,
In honor and valor to none will they yield;
They fought for all nations, by land and by wave,
Their blood for the cause they cheerfully gave.

There's no peace for thy bosom, while the trail and hiss
Of the serpent's around thee you'll never know bliss;
For centuries you've suffered his slime and his wiles,
And till you have crushed him you never can smile.

Oh! how soon you would conquer and gain every right,
If your sons would join hands—as one man unite;
Then Erin, Mavourneen, no longer you'd wait,
For the trumpet of freedom to sound at your gate.

But again you are stricken, and doubly made sad,
In the robes of dark mourning, alas! you are clad;
Thy son, Father Burke, the gifted divine,
Erin, Mavourneen, no longer is thine.

His green native hills will see him no more;
His counsel and lectures, alas! are all o'er;
His beauty of language, full of pathos and love,
Ambitious for nothing, save to lead souls above.

A true priest, devoted in soul and in mind;
A heart full of pity, gentle and kind;
In his holy retreat what tears he has shed
O'er the sins of his people, the living and dead.

O, he loved and was loved; none was more dear;
No more will he labor their crushed hopes to cheer;
His eloquent voice forever is still;
The hearts of his hearers no more will he thrill.

The scholar, the patriot, the dominican pure,
If he dwells not in heaven, of what are we sure?
That holy recluse, so meek to the yoke,
If he is found wanting, O, where is our hope?

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE LAMENTED

REV. JOHN R. McDONALD.

Ascending angels, faster, faster,
Bearing on their wings our pastor.
Seraphims tune their harps and sing,
While nearer to God his soul they bring.

The earnest priest fulfilled his duty;
Now he's robed in glorious beauty,
His canticles with angels blending,
And his joys will know no ending.

The working priest, Christ's faithful servant,
Humble, pious, meek and fervent—
Floats now in robes of dazzling whiteness,
Crowned with gems of starry brightness.

Happy spirits, to whom he taught
The saving faith, and heavenward brought;
Souls he rescued and led over,
To Jesus, now, around him hover.

'Mid summer's lightning and winter's storm,
How oft was seen his fragile form;
Unmindful of the chilling rain,
Could he for Christ, one soul obtain.

Every kindred tie he broke;
Jesus was all his love and hope,
Wrecked in health, oppressed with care
Of the cross he had his share.

All the fond heart can admire,
All the soul could e'er desire;
Forever God to him has given;
He reignes a saint in the centre of heaven.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE LAMENTED

REV. FATHER CURRAN,

PASTOR ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

Mournfully rings Saint Andrew's bell,
Proclaiming our own dear Pastor's knell,
Warning the flock, on valley, on hill,
The voice of the shepherd forever is still.

Placid and calm-looking at rest,
Pleased even in death that on his breast,
His hands could fold, his fingers entwine,
The sacred chalice, the cup divine.

Priest in heart, in soul and mind;
Reserved, humane, and kind;
Only happy when dispensing,
Like his Master, every blessing.

Stern, perhaps, in outward form,
But the fearless heart vibrated warm;
Children ever seemed to share
His undivided love and care.

His life was one long day of toil,
For Church, for people, and for all;
Loving the poor to cheer and help,
Never bestowing one thought on self.

His charities will never be told
By friend or member of his fold;
Angels watching from above,
Only saw his deeds of love.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE

REV. FATHER MICHAEL McALEER.

PASTOR OF ST. COLUMBIA'S CHURCH.

In the fullness of sorrow the good people kneel,
While the tones of the chanters in soft cadence steal,
When the strains of sad music fill the poor troubled soul,
Oh! who is gifted with power to control.

The father they loved is gone down to the tomb;
Their hearts like the Church are enveloped with gloom;
Attached to his people by length of long years,
What marvel his tomb was moistened with tears.

When pestilence raged, and death at the brink
Of the homes of his people, O, say did he shrink
From his duty as priest? Ah! no, he went forth
Like a true valiant soldier defending the fort.

The solace of age and a guide of youth,
His mission was radiant in its harvest of truth;
Like the cedar that lives through the winter's keen blast,
In our memory his teachings and councils shall last.

The chapels he built, they flourish and stand,
As a beacon to many in the southern land;
And the schools and societies loudly proclaim
The zeal of his labors, the power of his name.

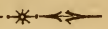
Like a shepherd protecting his flock from the cold,
O'er the shoulders of youth he delighted to fold
The banner of temperance, for he knew 'twas a pearl
If worn by the young, would shield them from peril.

The meetings of youth, as a rainbow in sight,
Filled his heart, like the shepherd, with hope and delight;
And the mind of the good man was only at rest,
When extending his hand to the poor and oppressed.

But the harvest is come when his years, like the sheaves,
Are ripe unto gathering with the fall of the leaves;
Like the sun going down 'midst a halo of light,
Full of years and of merit, he's gone from our sight.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE

REV. FATHERTHORNTON.



Father Thornton was an assistant pastor at St. Mary's Catholic Church in Troy, N. Y., where he performed his duties as priest faithfully and unflinchingly. Nothing could be more refreshing than to hear him speak of God, and the happiness he has prepared for those who love him; he taught the young and warned the old; nearly all the youth of the parish were prepared for Holy Communion and confirmation by him. He was warmly appreciated by his people, who gave ample proof of their unbounded love and esteem for him, but a priest must obey duty's call, and so it occured with Father Thornton. After taking an affectionate leave of his people he departed for the field assigned him by the Bishop, where he distinguished himself for his zeal in the salvation of souls. When this good priest had done all the good he could on earth he was called to receive his reward. Having requested his remains to be brought to Troy the people of the city prepared to honor them. They formed in solemn procession headed by their parish priest Father Heffenmyre and a band of music to the depot where they received his mortal remains with respect and honor. They laid him in state in the very church where in life he performed so much good; after being viewed by many hundreds, he was intered in Saint Joseph's Cemetery, Troy N. Y.

In silence and sadness they bore him along,
'Mid the prayers of the people, the priest's sacred song;
Uncovered heads and in grief lowly bent,
Up the aisle of the church they went.

Advancing with slow and solemn tread,
Bearing the reverend sainted dead;
All was silent, save the funeral knell,
The sullen drum and the mournful bell.

Exposed to view, in his vestments clad,
Lay all that remained of him who had
In life within those self same walls
Made known his sacred Saviour's laws.

Now in the slumber of death reposed,
And his sacred mission forever closed;
Yet he will never share the common lot
By the loving and loved to be forgot.

The sancity his life revealed,
On our frail souls lies firmly sealed;
And all the grief and woe displayed,
Is not too much for him who prayed.

So often with the dying kneeling,
Showing for their pangs such feeling,
Kind heaven's mercy mild imploring,
With such looks of love adoring.

Around his couch they vigils kept;
All through the night prayed and wept
For him their tender friend and guide,
Who in dark hours stood by their side.

REV. FATHER DEMAN S. J.

He stood in our midst with a soul of fire,
All unction and zeal, with the mighty desire
To lead to the Saviour the lost and forlorn,
So long from their Maker and happiness torn.

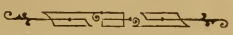
And he won to the Saviour the lost and depraved,
As he earnestly wished and he constantly prayed;
A smile like a sunbeam illumined his face,
Portraying the soul in its fullness of grace.

His lectures were simple—yet they brought tears,
His sermons were forcible—rousing the fears;
He depicted in colors so vivid and plain,
The beauty of heaven—hell's torturing pain.

His eloquence shown like the sun through a shower—
He thundered the truth, and there was his power;
Like a hearld before him proceeds his great name,
And he merits the lustre attached to his fame,

It was joy to behold his unearthly delight,
So many advancing embracing the right;
He felt a foretaste of that glorious reward
Awaiting his soul at the final record.

REV. AMBROSE RYAN, THE POET PRIEST.



Reverend Father, farewell, farewell,
Long in our memory will you dwell;
You ne'er can know how much we grieve,
Now that you are about to leave.

From early dawn of God's pure light,
You strive with more than mortal might
To bring the lost to heaven's bright shore,
And you speak as we never heard before.

It seemed as we stood beneath the porch
That a saint was preaching within the church;
By your preaching to heaven our minds were led,
And earthly thoughts from our bosoms fled.

We watched your every move and look
As you spoke to us from the sacred book;
And we thought of the mighty power above
That fills your soul with such wondrous love.

Your voice like the flutter of angel's wing,
The hardened sinner to God will bring—
As your silvery tones would float along
The aisle of St. Mary's, the music of song.

You made us smile, you made us weep;
You taught us God's law to keep.
May heaven's protecting power defend
Your useful life, most reverend friend.

FAMINE IN OUR FATHERLAND.

Ah! there's tears in our laughter, woe in our smile
As our thoughts wonder back to our own loved Isle,
Where we danced on the green, in the fullness of youth,
To the strains of the violin, the harp and the flute,

Little we cared or thought of the morrow;
Too happy to dream or fear any sorrow,
We fancied our joy forever would last;
Forgot the dark shades the future o'ercast.

The harp is neglected; in Tara 'tis mute;
Hushed are the notes of the violin and flute;
Shrouded in mourning is our banner of green;
Its splendor and glory no longer are seen.

The flowers are not fragrant; their beauty not bright;
The waters have hidden the shamrock from sight;
Faintly is heard the soft hum of the bees;
Sad is the song of the lark in the trees.

O'er the hopes of the farmer came withering blight—*
No rainbow, no sunshine, to warm or to light;
Surging up like the sea, cold billows of rain,
Destruction to harvest, to crops and to grain.

Mothers bewailing, like Rachel of old;
No hope will console for sorrows untold.
"Bread! give me bread!" the children's last cry,
Mothers sink down with their starved ones to die.

Whence is this sorrow and whence is this woe?
Why is poor Ireland so humble and low?
Is England forever her proud scepter to wield?
And Ireland no power to avenge or to shield?

Oh! home of our fathers, loved Erin machree,
Will you ever be happy? will you ever be free?
Shall that country for whom the brave Emmet died,
Ever gaze on his tombstone, emblazoned, inscribed?

* Owing to the flood.

Up from each mountain, valley and dale,
In shrill tones are echoed the Irish sad wail;
Gaunt figures are stalking, once happy and proud
And starvation is rapidly weaving their shroud.

But hark! is heard a mighty voice,
Which tells the stricken to rejoice;
Outstretched to the poor of that trodden land
Is America's noble, generous hand.

Oh! United States, great, grand, and high,
May your honored flag forever fly;
And stripes and stars in power shine clear,
For friends to love and foes to fear.

THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH,

ITS WRONGS AND ITS USES.

Forgive us, high heaven, if in anger we frown
Upon the form of the stranger who has trodden us down.
—*Odlum.*

Forget you, fair Erin, let none say we do,
For our hopes and our thoughts are forever on you;
In woe and in sorrow, in joy and in weal,
Your wrongs and your sufferings, poor Ireland, we feel.

Though the waves of the ocean roll wildly between,
Our hearts are not severed from our emerald green;
The hills and the valleys where we rambled and played,
The church that in childhood we first knelt and prayed.

The stiles we climbed to reach the spring;
The grove where we lingered to hear the lark sing;
The haggarts with its stacks of corn and hay,
Where we hid from each other in frolic and play.

The trees we searched to rob the bird's nest,
Sparing naught save the eggs of the little red-breast;
In memory each scene is pictured so clear,
That often we fancy we still are near.

We remember the day when with hearts sad and sore,
We stood for the last time at our cabin door,
Consoling our mother, who hung round our neck,
Whose heart from that hour was merely a wreck.

In our own little cabins built by our sires,
The hearth brightened up by the cheerful turf fires;
With song and with story we passed the gay night,
And arose with the lark at dawn of light.

Then away to the fields so blithesome to stray,
And gather the mushrooms that grew by the way;
On passed our childhood, and then came our youth,
We labored and toiled, but reaped little fruit.

Oh! ye landlords so ruthless, in our homes we could dwell,
But to keep you in splendor our produce we must sell
The gains of our labor by you must be spent;
Yet why should we murmur, without chains be content.

No reward for improvements, industry, or toil,
Indignant, discouraged, we depart from the soil;
We are driven from the land our forefathers tilled,
And our homes and our thresholds with strangers are filled.

On the graves of our fathers the stranger will trod,
His dark footsteps will wither the green on our sod;
No cowslip, no daisy, will grow where he'll tread;
To him is not sacred the tombs of our dead!

Oh! why should we suffer so long and so deep;
We are warriors, not children, and why should we sleep;
Let us cast off our shackles, like men let us stand,
And, if need be, die for our own native land.

Let the lovers of Ireland the Land League uphold,
And no man so base as to be bought or sold;
Cling proudly to Parnell, so dauntless and wise,
For through him the bright sun of freedom shall rise.

ERIN'S BRAVE SON.

The black flag met the rising sun;
Watchers saw the deed was done;
No occasion for Binns' to wear a mask,
'Twas fun for him, and a pleasing task.

Justice, like friendship, pretends the same—
Crimes are committed in both their name;
On the sword of justice lies many a stain,
And forever those blood-marks will remain.

Fresh blood-stains on the sword's broad face,
Which no hand of time can e'er efface—
All Ireland's friends who seek her right,
Become victims to that sword's great might.

To death that sword has never gave
A man more gallant or more brave;
Like Emmet, the gallows brought no shame,
Only honor to the martyr's name.

When O'Donnell spoke to traitor Carey,
'Twas to wile away the hours dreary:
And when he with the traitor drank,
Knew not aught of Carey's rank.

But when he saw before him stood
The informer, upon whose head was blood—
Blood of the youth that he ensnared,
And, Judas-like, for gold betrayed;

The soldier could not brook one hour,
And the viper Carey, surnamed power,
Full to the brim with rum and spite,
Boldly opened the fatal fight.

One arm was all the soldier had—
The informer knew it and was glad;
But no blood was on that head or hand:
It brought no shame on his native land.

They fought, and the traitor ignobly fell;
The blood of his victims his dying knell;
His own life the soldier knew was gone—
He felt that England would judge him wrong.

He placed no value on life or fame,
And cared not for censure, praise, or blame;
The traitor raised his guilty hand,
And valor swept him off the land.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

From East and West, from parts unknown,
They came to wrest his wreath, long worn;
Great men of science, strength and feat,
Could not pluck one laurel from his wreath.

Like America's noble champion great,
He seeks no battle through pride or hate;
A wide world champion, but no idle boast,
And the great are proud to drink his toast.

He fought many who in the art was trained,
And his victories friends and foes proclaimed;
The ring is like the lion's den—
None dared beard him there or then.

His many friends he'll not delay:
To him the conflict is only play;
When they suppose it's but begun—
The battle's ceased, the champion's won.

If by single combat he could obtain
Ireland's freedom how soon he'd gain—
One blow with his Sampson hand,
And triumph would bless that trodden land.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE LAMENTED

RT. HON. CHAS. W. F. BURY.

EARL OF CHARLVILLE.

Great the grief that day in town—
Each heart in sorrow seemed bowed down;
On every brow a look of pain:
On every face a tearful stain.

Every soul with grief was filled:
Sorrow every heart has chilled;
To and fro the crowds went by—
Each echoed back the others sigh.

The little children stood amazed—
In awe and wonder silent gazed;
To their father's knee they closely crept,
And cried because that others wept.

Ah! it was no mockery of woe—
Keenly each one felt the blow;
So young, and O, so void of pride:
Alas! from life so soon to glide.

Noble minds, they can't control
The great grand yearnings of the soul,
As they draw near the close of life,
Their fond desire becomes more ripe.

Moses never reached the land
Promised, although close at hand;
For deeds of merit the Earl sighed—
He came to power, and then he died.

On mighty record might have stood,
Noble acts of worth and good;
His future so much promise gave:
But, alas! o'er all has closed—the grave.

Oh! it is sad to know and think
That e'en in life with death we link;
And the hopeless struggle maintained each day,
To keep the worms from their prey.

In all the beauty of manhood's prime,
The young Earl sought a foreign clime:
To seek a prize not bought by wealth,
That priceless gift, the boon of health.

But all in vain, death's icy chill
Stole o'er the youth, and soon was still
A kindly heart that loved to shade
And foster all who sought its aid.

If the parting of the soul from earth
Took place in the land that gave him birth,
With kindred friends in the hour of death,
To kneel and watch the parting breath.

But one loving heart and hand was near
To whisper hope and quell the fear
Of the quivering soul about to fleet,
And stand before the judgment seat.

Swift as the wings of the eagle spread,
Came flying the tidings—he is dead;
A wail rose up in cot and glen—
A wail that's heard to-day, as then.

Stricken with grief the Countess sought
The shore of Columbia, and homeward brought
The poor dead youth, in his shroud of serge,
While the murmuring sea sung his funeral dirge.

Oh! what anguish rent the heart
Of the Countess, who acted a mother's part
The child, for whom her anxious prayer
Was all through life for God to care.

Now snatched away in youthful bloom,
Shut up in the dark, cold, silent tomb,
Just as he came to man's estate,
Accomplished, humble, yet still great.

Oh! there is grief too sacred for public view—
We draw the veil o'er the last adieu;
The heart of the world is cold and deep,
But respect is due to the mourner's grief.

Let us rejoice that still the same
Affection lives for the honored name
Of Bury. May the heiress long enjoy her claim,
And the Countess, beloved, her earned fame.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE LAMENTED

ROBERT GUNNING.

LATE OF CHARLEVILLE ESTATE TULLAMOER,

COUNTY KINGS, IRELAND.

Lone widows are wailing, poor orphans complaining,
Their young hearts are breaking, for death has o'ertaken
The only friend left, and they're truly bereft;
They know to their sorrow the friend of the morrow
Is gone down to the dust, and for raiment and crust
They may plead for in vain, and if they obtain
It will be with a sneer, and a mock at the tear;
They may sing their sad ditty, but they'll miss his soft pity.

He sought not their creed before he relieved:
For the poor that was crushed his sympathy gushed;
He cared not for might when conscious of right—
His dealings were just, in his word there was trust;
But now he's departed, and he's left broken-hearted
The poor that he cheered, whose prayers he revered.
Ah! he'll dry no more eyes, he'll hear no more sighs—
He's gone down to the grave, in vain they may crave.

No tongue can express the grief and distress,
The anguish and fears, of those who for years
Lived in happy content, in peace paid their rent.
His sway was so mild, he won father and child;
Yet they feared, for they knew to his post he was true.
He endured from the vicious, but sought their good wishes;
He spoke a kind word, their better nature was stirred;
They came to his feet, he went forth to meet.

He gave them his hand, they went back to their land,
Worked with good will till barn and sill
Were stored with the fruit they gathered like Ruth.
Foes became friends, and made ample amends;
Search might be made, but the peace that prevailed
Can never be told; but the heart which is clay
Exulted in glee such contentment to see;
Though he held fast the rein, he never gave pain.

Oh! had he been sick, his death not so quick,
The shock would be less, fond friends could caress,
Would soothe and assuage, till closed the last page;
But death gave no token, his farewell was unspoken.
He's gone down to the tomb, and enveloped in gloom
The home he embellished, the friends whom he cherished;
But there's a blank in the life of daughters and wife,
For who can control, or attempt to console

Such terrible grief, so poignant and deep.
Oh! may he inherit and receive the full merit
Of the good he extended to the poor and unfriended;
He's gone down to the dust, may he reign with the just.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE LAMENTED

HON. JOHN MORRISEY.

Oh! he is dead. Oh! is he gone—
The friend we loved so well and long?
Has cruel death forever grasped
The hand we oft in friendship clasped?

That generous heart, so brave, so strong,
Which wept o'er deeds of wayward wrong,
And sought to blot from memory's page
The thoughtless follies of early age.

Oh! ye who would a shade o'ercast,
Glance o'er the years of thine own past:
And ere you hold his faults to view,
Draw forth to light thine errors too.

No reproach can blast his fame;
His friends are legion, and his name
Is sacred held, as something near—
To every heart, as something dear.

In all his freaks, both wild and bold,
Can he be charged with having sold
Honor, principle, or faith,
For any prize. from friend or state.

The world's smiles he never sought—
Its friendship he has never bought;
He heeded not its praise or blame:
Frowns and smiles were all the same.

For all that man could give or take,
He would not principle forsake;
He would not an apostate bend,
To win a monarch for his friend,

His noble heart could never hold
Or treasure up his hard-won gold;
With him it was a holy pride
To bring the poor man to his side.

He never sought their clime or creed,
But freely gave where there was need;
The widow, or the orphan child,
In vain to him has never cried.

And those orphans' prayers and widows' sighs
Went up like incense to the skies;
Drew down such blessings from above,
As filled his soul with hope and love.

The faithful wife that formed his pride,
Like a beacon was ever by his side;
In all his anguish she was nigh,
To wipe the tear and soothe the sigh.

Oh! the twofold grief of the childless wife—
Her swollen heart must weary of life;
In the depth of the grave sleeps her only son,
Cut down ere the years of his life begun.

Grand the requiem that was sung:
Prayers went up from every tongue;
Oh! may he now, with golden wing,
Forever with the angels sing.

CENTENNIAL.

One hundred years are dead and buried
Since the republic in its cradle lay;
O'er troubled waters has she been ferried,
Since ushered in her natal day.

But now in giant strength she stands,
And proudly spreads her eagle wing;
From tyrant rule she cleared the land,
And now in peace her trophy sing.

Armed only with their zeal and gun,
Her gallant sons have nobly fought;
Their glorious victory freedom won,
And liberty their blood has bought.

O, great republic, thy mighty spread
From South to North, from gulf to lake—
Thy enemies are filled with dread,
Lest from their realm thy power take.

One hundred years is all thy rage,
Yet nations have thy power felt;
In arts and science thou art sage,
And virtue's aided by thy wealth.

May union bind both firm and long
A land that God with gifts has blest;
May North and South in love grow strong,
And ne'er again their peace molest.

May each centennial year roll by,
And find thy loyal sons still true;
In triumph may thy banner fly,
Unfading in red, white and blue.

THE MARRIAGE

OF PROF GEORGE ZINCKE OF NEW YORK, TO MISS ANNIE BRENNAN OF TROY.

St. Mary's bell rings loud and clear,
The bridal party's drawing near:
Within the church a mellow light—
Neither of day nor still of night;

But like the pensive, placid moon,
While soaring in her summer noon,
The church seemed like a garden bower—
The gentle bride the fairest flower.

The virgin's statue stood ablaze,
Her altar all a flowery maze;
The priests in sacred garments wait,
With all around intense and great.

Invited friends and strangers too
Advanced, the solemn rites to view.
A comely youthful band are seen
To usher in the bridal queen.

So sweetly modest, and O, so pale—
Like some pure lily of the vale;
Then issues music's grandest peals,
And the fair bride in meekness kneels.

The sainted pastor turns to pray,
All bending down to hear him say:
"Wilt thou protect and guard through life
The maid thou seek'st to be thy wife?"

O'er the brides face a mantel glows—
A blush like that of the beauteous rose;
The bridegroom in his manly pride,
Draws closer to his fair young bride.

Both the marriage vow declare—
The priest pronounce the nuptial prayer;
Two loving hearts are thus made one
Until the heavenly goal is won.

Then does the espousal mass begin,
And heavenward prayers their passage wing;
And every voice is heard to say:
"God's blessing on the wedding day."

THE TRAGEDY OF

JOSIE LANGMAID.

The following poem was composed upon the occasion of the tragic death of Josie Langmaid, a young and lovely girl who resided with her parents in Concord, New Hampshire. The school Josie was attending was situated some distance from home, and was reached by a path which led through the woods. She was highly accomplished, and her beauty was rare. One bright morning Josie started for school as usual, little dreaming of the terrible fate which awaited her. The murderer stood concealed behind a large tree, and jumped upon his victim with the ferocity of a fiend. The scholars wondered what could have detained their playmate, as she rarely absented herself from school. Meanwhile the parents of the girl were in a frenzy of grief, and the wildest excitement prevailed everywhere. Descriptions of the missing girl were sent to all the surrounding cities; detectives were put on the case, and no stone was left unturned to discover the cause of her disappearance. It was the common belief that the girl was murdered by some ruffian, who secreted the body somewhere in the woods. This theory proved correct. A party of men suddenly found the object of their search. The body was horribly mangled and dismembered, and her head was wrapped up in her cloak. It is exulting to know in this instance at least that the wretch who committed the fiendish crime was captured, tried and hung

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Oh! bring thy help, inspiring muse,
And into this worn soul infuse
Thy softest pathos, that I may tell
What truth and innocence befel—
For I have seen through space of time
Full many a deep excess of crime.

But never in the course of fate,
So sad as what I now must state;
A fair, sweet maid in youthful prime,
Doomed by the wicked hand of crime—
Just as her years began to bloom,
Consigned by murder to the tomb.

The school at early dawn she sought,
Unconscious that each step was fraught
With danger to her fair young life,
Or that even then the glittering knife
Lay in the murderer's breast concealed,
Soon to drip her blood congealed.

What language could thus portray
The horror of that dread affray ;
The maiden struggling all alone
For life and fame, until had flown,
Like the rush of waters, her life's blood,
And martyred sunk in the crimson flood.

Oh! what a demon must have throbbed
In the villian's heart, who thus had robbed
Of life, a maid whose days serene,
Flowed on like summer's placid stream;
A maid whom all had learned to love—
Whose heart was gentle as the dove.

Long, long the demon throbbed within
A wretch who fared on blood and sin;
Who could destroy and blight the flower
Just blooming from its natal bower;
The joyful pride of the parent stem—
Of all its flowers the brightest gem.

TULLAMOER.

Tullamore, the native town of the authoress, is a quaint and picturesque little town, and contains many handsome buildings, of which the Protestant Church, on Hop Hill, and the Catholic Church are the most prominent. The Catholic Church is a noble structure, and the Protestant Church, being built upon an eminence, affords a magnificent view of all the surrounding country. Beneath the church are vaults which contain the ashes of numerous Earls and Countesses of Charleville. The Court House and jail are large and commodious. The private houses of the gentry are built of stone, while the rooms are lofty; only one family reside in each house. There are a great number of stores under the management of wealthy shopkeepers, such as Goodbody and Eagan. The inhabitants are thrifty and assiduous. Every month fairs are held, which continue for two days, one day being for cattle and the other for farming produce, and every Tuesday is a market day. Along the roads leading to the market may be seen donkey-horses, all loaded with wheat, oats, barley and poultry of every description. Lively scenes occur on those days, made more so by the presence of the farmers' daughters, some of whom are singularly beautiful. The excitement of buying and selling, the loud voices of the men, the laughing of the young people—then suddenly and simultaneously is heard a distant bell; this bell produces an entirely different effect than a stranger would imagine. Instantly every head is uncovered, hands are folded; for both the buyer and the seller know it is the bell of the Angeles Domine, and that beautiful salutation is silently recited. When the bell ceases business is resumed, and the apparent happiness that prevails would strike the stranger as something singular, when so much misery is claimed to exist there. It should be remembered that the Irish are a very bright and joyous people, and when brought together at markets and fairs, or other places, they seem to

forget their misery and sorrow. They laugh and joke, it is true, but behind all this reflection reigns supreme. In the evening they return home, cipher out the proceeds of the day, and find that, notwithstanding all they sold, they have not enough to pay the agent, so all their labor and produce goes to support the titled lords, who demand exorbitant rents. When one peers into the little cabin he can scarcely imagine the singular position of things; he can hardly imagine that this is the family who plunged into such hilarity at the fair. The son and the daughter, seeing the impossibility of their poor father making all ends meet, resolve to migrate to the States or Australia. They announce their intention as cheerfully as their breaking hearts will permit. Oh! it is this announcement that throws their gray-haired mother and wrecked father into grief inconsolable. After many lamentations they depart. Their aged parents are aware that it is the only alternative. Oh! ye land wretches of Ireland, how many hearts have you broken? how many parental ties have you severed? how many hearthstones have you made desolate? how many mothers have you abandoned to die in their cabins? and where are the daughters that would smooth the dying pillow? Ah! you drove them away, far away among strangers. Oh! think of the families you dispossessed from the homes of their ancestors, and the sires and matrons you have consigned to premature graves.

Tullamoer, my native town,
I love thee still—I cannot frown
If others do upon the place—
The home of my ancestral race.

I cannot hide the falling tear,
As memory brings the scenes so dear
Where happy childhood's years rolled by
Without a tear, without a sigh.

There's not a shrub, a hill or dale,
A street a garden, mount or vale—
There's not a river, stream or rill
But rests unchanged in memory still.

As bush and rose, and tree and flower,
Enwrap me with enchanting power;
The road that leads to the hop hill,
Where oft strayed when all was still.

At eve, to gaze upon a scene,
So truly grand that once when seen,
From memory ne'er shall pass away—
Unfaded till life's latest day.

A tower above the chapel looms,
And down beneath are vaulted tombs,
Where lords and earls of Charville's race,
Long, long, have found their resting place.

The wild lone woods, they called Glennad,
Where roamed at will lord Egan mad—
Who styled himself that titled name—
For no one knew from whence he came.

And the beautiful bridge of Muckle, too,
With its water pure as mountain dew;
And the waving groves beside the well,
Where Saint O'Harra left his spell.

The Charville road, whereon I strayed,
And gathered cowslips 'neath the shade;
The grand old woods, so wild and bleak,
And the settled calmness of the lake.

The thrush, the robin and the lark,
Whose notes resound through grove and park;
The linnet's song—so soft, so clear—
My fancy leads me still to hear.

My father's house, within the square,
Where passed my youth without a care;
The church where first I learned to say—
"My God, O teach me how to pray."

All, all, before my mind I keep:
And is it strange that I should weep
For those who trained my tender years,
And shared my childish hopes and fears?

Oh! how I yearn again to see
All that is left of friends to me;
And leave awhile this foreign shore,
For one fond glance of Tullamoer.

THE LAUNDRY GIRLS.

Ah! many a young and lovely girl,
Arrayed in humble, plain apparel,
Beside the laundry table stands,
With faultless though distended hands.

Toiling, toiling all day long,
Cheering their labors with merry song;
They have charms in their lowly dress
Which haughty dame can ne'er possess.

Some are blonde, with beautiful eye,
Blue as the vault of the azure sky;
Others of a soft black hue,
Liquid and bright as the pearly dew.

Had fate cast their lot in a wealthier sphere,
Their grace would embellish the home of a peer;
With art never needed their charms to reveal—
No beauty so touching as that which is real.

Their s is a life of labor and toil—
They meet it undaunted and never recoil;
Still firm in their task, like soldiers at arms,
Their patient endurance enhances their charms.

Oh! say, ye employers, so hauty and stern,
Through arrogant pride you can never discern
How honest, how upright are those you employ—
Such blessings of conscience you seldom enjoy.

Why in your pride do you think you're superior,
And fancy the maidens so much your inferior?
You depend on their labor, not your own will,
For the wealth you possess—the position you fill

And they in their turn are indebted to you,
So let one to the other be thankful and true;
The employed and employers must mutually depend,
And both are advanced by the title of friend.

ON THE IRISH GIRLS IN AMERICA.

Oh! do not think because they left
Their native home, that the're bereft
Of feeling, sentiment or taste,
Or that their heart is a barren waste,—

Devoid of virtue, grace and sense.
No; in their soul, deep down—intense—
Is love of virtue and of creed;
Alas! that it should be decreed

By destiny or fortune's freak,
That Erin's daughters must e'er seek
A home upon the strangers' soil,
And doomed to never-ending toil.

Yet no one sorrows for their doom,
The blight that's cast upon their bloom:
No sympathy to them is given,
Though far from all they cherished driven.

And doomed affection's chain to break,
All they loved on earth forsake—
O'er the boundless sea to roam,
To find at length a dubious home.

In quest of that so long denied,
For centuries has Erin sighed
For liberty, and no respond;
What marvel then they should despond?

And seek, like weary doves, to rest
Where freedom has her banner blest;
Hoist out in colors free and bold,
Protecting all within its fold.

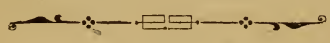
Yet the Irish heart will never yield
Its love for home, though grand thy shield,
United States—they crave for more—
Crave for their banished, native shore.

To other lands they may repair,
But Ireland shares their love and prayer;
Still weeping, cruel bondage taints
Their own beloved Isle of Saints.

Is matters not what land is trod,
They'll bring their faith and trust in God;
They care not what they lose or gain,
Their faith in Christ they'll still maintain.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF

MISS BRIDGET MAC GRATH.



Arrayed for the grave like a bride for the groom,
Beloved and lamented, she was borne to the tomb,
Stricken down like a bud in life's early spring,
Ere the flower to the blossom fresh beauties could bring.

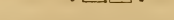
How sad to reflect the loved must away,
The tenderly cared for are the first to decay;
Our love and our sorrow alas have no power,
To shield or to save in the last fatal hour.

Oh! the anguish of watching the last parting breath,
Of the dear and the loved one now sleeping in death;
While so soon the cold grave will close o'er a form,
In whose bosom once beat a heart true and warm.

Sad grief of the mother who watched from her birth,
When the pale wasted form was committed to earth!
With lily in hand and a crown for the brow,
That's adorned, it is hoped, with a brighter one now.

A cross made of flowers lay on her pure breast,
Let us hope with the blessed this day she is at rest;
May the crown and the lily, the cross and the vine,
Be exchanged by the angels for ones more divine.

THE ROSE.



Reflecting back the moon's bright beam
Is yonder placid little stream,
And close beside in sweet repose,
I found this little beauteous rose.

Other flowers too were there,
Just as lovely and as fair;
Yet this sweet rose wore a modest look,
Beside the gentle running brook.

THE DYING GIRL—1849.

Lay me beside my mother,
Pillow me on her breast,
That she who oft hath sheltered me,
May once more shield my rest.
I would not die away from home,
And have a stranger's hand
To make my grave, my last sad couch,
In a distant unloved land.

Lay me beside my mother,
In her cold and silent tomb,
And let the flowers I planted there
Above me wave their bloom.
Their chalices of sparkling dew
Shall consecrate the spot,
Where she is resting silently
Who soon must be forgot.

Lay me beside my mother,
Together we have known
The lovely structure hope had reared,
Too sadly overthrown.
Together we have bent in grief,
Together both did weep;
Lay me beside my mother, then,
Together let us sleep.

SUNNYSIDE DISASTER.

The steamer Sunnyside was one of the regular boats plying between New York and Troy. Late in the Fall of 1875 she left Troy for New York. It was to have been her last trip for the season, but fate decreed that it should be the last trip she would ever make. The night was intensely dark, and down the river came floating huge cakes of ice, which finally knocked a large hole in the vessel. Strange to say, there was not that presence of mind among the crew there ought to have been. They endeavored to keep out the water by closing the aperture with a blanket. Of course such futile efforts proved unavailing. The night was bitter cold. The colored stewardess, together with a number of other colored stewards, perished. One poor old lady was ultimately frozen to death. Mismanagement and carelessness is, alas, of too frequent occurrence. Many are hurried into untimely graves whose death was violent, and whose sufferings were agonizing to behold, by the sheer negligence and recklessness of railroad officials and their employees. Among the victims of this fatal disaster was an Irish girl named Bridget Donohue, who worked in a laundry kept by a Mrs. Mac in Third street, Troy, New York. There seemed to have been some fatality attending the fate of this poor girl. She was in the midst of her work when an acquaintance informed her that the Sunnyside would that night make the final trip of the season. Now, Bridget wanted to go to New York, for that was her home during the winter months, and being a poor girl, she could not afford to go by any other route. Conversing with the writer one day, who knew her well, she alluded in tender strains to her mother and the happy scenes of her childhood, where all had been hope and joy.

On the midnight air are bells,
Fiercely ringing, which clearly tells,
Sorrow on the river dark,
Calamity to some frail barque.

Hark, the bells are drowned by cries,
Prayers from some ascend the skies;
Others rushing to and fro,
Wildly screaming as they go.

Help! O pitying heaven, send!
Prayers and tears together blend;
Ah! wicked hearts by death are cowed,
Knees are bent and heads are bowed

In prayer, that never prayed before,
And if saved, would pray no more;
For Satan reigns in those our days,
He's called a fool, the man who prays.

Oh! human skill how vain and light,
As you appeared to them that night;
Who deemed the Sunnyside could sway
Gigantic through the ice bound spray.

What horror must their souls have seized
When conviction told them their doom was sealed?
That their favorite steamer no more would float,
No power of man could save the boat.

But who is she that stands alone,
And never utters sigh or moan;
Despair had dried the last wild tear,
She seemed to neither hope nor fear.

Yet though she seemed so fixed and mute,
Her thoughts were busy as scenes of youth—
Of home and its endearing ties,
Rose like a vision before her eyes.

One thought swiftly chased the other;
Her parting with her tender mother,
To seek a home beyond the wave,
And only find a watery grave.

Thus that Bridget who felt no shame,
Because she bore that Irish name,
Went back in thoughts sublime and grand,
To the loving and loved in her native land.

TO MRS. KELLEY.

ON THE DEATH OF CAPT. JAS. K——, SOUTH BOSTON.

I cannot, I know, dear friend declare,
The grief, the sorrow, and despair,
That o'er thee like a torrent rushed,
All hope and joy forever crushed.

Thy lightness of heart forever was fled,
When you stood by the side of his dying bed;
And knew that death with its sable wing,
For months was hovering, waiting for him.

Six children stood round thee, and one so young,
No word fell yet from her infant tongue;
Three unconscious of woe in their childish play,
As their tender father was borne away.

Ah! neither fortune, length of time,
Prosperity, nor change of clime,
Can in thy heart his memory shade,
Or heal the grief his death has made.

Thy social life was one bright dream,
Of happiness that knew no beam;
But across thy dream a shade appeared,
And all thy future life hath seared.

As father had he been less true,
As husband not so fond of you,
Less keen perchance thy bitter loss,
More bearable thy heavy cross.

Yet do not mourn as one who hath
No hope, for heaven still gilds thy path;
Bright morning with its rosy light
Shall crown the long and stormy night.

And what if death, so dread, so grim,
Had come on the wings of a storm for him,
Far, far away, on the raging billow,
And the friendless waves his dying pillow.

Ah! then twofold thy grief indeed,
Hope in vain your thoughts might strive to lead
Away, yet ever before your mind would sail
The doomed ship in the midnight gale.

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

They lay on their shoulders a hard heavy task;
To a sensitive nature 'tis galling to ask
The wealthy to give from their riches a share,
To the needy the Sisters have under their care.

They come to the door with a sweet, gentle look,
You can read from their faces as if from a book,
The painful condition of the aged infirm,
And need no recital the truth to confirm.

Then give to the Sisters, O you who hav e means,
Encourage and cheer in their labor and pains;
Kind wishes and prayers they'll bestow in return—
Rest assured 'tis not wise their petitions to scorn.

Remember, you pompous, so proud of your purses
That riches are often productive of curses;
Forget not that death, with its merciless sickle,
Is equal to fortune, capricious and fickle.

THE RIVER MYSTERY.

She arose in the morning a bright happy maid;
Beneath the cold waters at midnight was laid.
How she came thither, or how it was wrought,
No one can tell, and yet it is thought

Some hidden sorrow, some hidden care,
Spread o'er her soul the dark cloud of despair—
Preyed on her mind 'till reason had fled,
And hence to the river insanity led.

Ah! little they know who speak in that way
The worth of the heart that is mouldering to clay!
Or little they deem that soul and the shrine
Were both alike free from the shadow of crime!

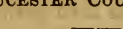
No sting of conscience had she to endure,
Her innocent heart was guileless and pure;
The world had no charm her soul to decoy,
What cause had she then her young life to destroy?

She had but one love—she had but one smile,
For the home of her youth—for her own sunny Isle;
She had but one hope, and that was to be
Again with her mother far over the sea.

For this she had toiled, her hard earnings to save,
And it all went to purchase a dark bloody grave.
Ah! her poor anxious mother by this time is told
The face of her child she will never behold.

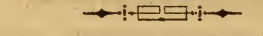
NEWFIELD.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY, N. J.



Who lives and knows not Newfield's fame?
There's magic in the very name!
Hung down with numerous vines and bowers,
Luscious fruits and fragrant flowers.
Its verdant plains and fruitful soil,
With plenty crown the tillers' toil,
And vegetables rich and rare
Reward the thrifty farmers' care.
When brought to market, quickly sold,
With profits sure and full tenfold.
How many men of city life,
Disgusted with its cares and strife,
Sick of the noisy, bustling street,
Here find a happy, still retreat?
And now the heart is gay and glad
That heretofore was sick and sad;
Remote contentment now their lot
Within that ever beauteous spot.
Not long ago wood and sky
Were all that met the gazer's eye—
A gloomy solitude and wild,
Wilderness on every side;
But now the inhabitant can see
His happy homestead on the lea.
A healthy spot, with air so pure,
The sick man comes and finds his cure.
But I forgot, one fact to mention,
Which should indeed demand attention;
No license there for whiskey shops—
Although there's fields of rye and hops;
A man of energy and strength
With little means might be content.

MARY FOGARTHY.



The following poem was written upon the occasion of the tragic death of a young and interesting girl named Mary Fogarthy, and worked as a domestic in the family of a Mr. Robinson, who resided in Second street, Troy, N. Y. Mary always complained of the fate that drove her from her native land, and frequently expressed a wish to depart thereto. The girl was virtuous, and affectionately esteemed by all who knew her. She remained in the employ of Mr. Robinson until a neat bank account had been secured, and then made preparation to leave America and spend the remainder of her days with her mother. But, alas! fate had decreed that the poor girl should see the green shores of her native land no more, and she suddenly disappeared. Her disappearance caused much anxiety among her friends, for she had neglected to take leave of them, and they were convinced that unless some evil had befallen her she would have done so. The excitement was, therefore, intense when, eleven days afterward, her lifeless body was found floating in the Hudson River. Many theories were advanced as to the cause which led to her death. Some were of the opinion that she had ample cause to destroy her life; but these suppositions and many others were proven false. The friends of the dead girl gave her honorable burial.

Forgotten, forgotten, the poor helpless maid,
Sleeping down in the grave cruel murder had made;
Her death and its horrors passed like a cloud,
Remembered no more by the sorrowing crowd,

Who wept in their sorrow, strong men as they were,
For they knew in her death foul murder had share;
The women wept loud in their frenzy of grief,
Alas for the world, their sorrow was brief.

Her death never thought of, her name never spoken—
Ah! there's one heart that remembers—one heart that is broken—
The mother who prayed the Saviour to still
The storm on the ocean as once was his will.

Oh! Son of the Mighty, in glory above,
Restore me, restore me the child of my love;
That like Simon of old, in peace I depart,
When I fold to my bosom the child of my heart.

The prayer of the mother went out on the wild—
Perhaps at that hour they were murdering her child!
We cannot dive into the mysteries of Him
Who permits those dark deeds, yet wills not the sin.

Had she lived in a mansion, and wealthy and great,
They had vied with each other to sift out her fate;
But poor and neglected—a creature so tender,
Who in the world would care to defend her?

Oh! Thou from whose vision no crime is concealed,
Show mercy, her Maker! and be it revealed,
By thy vengeance and power in the progress of time,
On the head of the fiend who committed the crime.

Let us cherish the hope, time is not long,
When the world shall resound who committed the wrong,
To that poor friendless maiden, so pure and so kind,
So true to the shamrock her heart left behind.

Thou Saviour in heaven who heard her last sigh,
Peered through the thick darkness and saw the maid die,
Permit her pure soul triumphant to gain
A place with the virgins who follow thy train.

Like St. Paul, she fought the good strife—
Clung to her honor and yielded her life.
From the pillar of heaven, O Saviour, take down,
And place on her brow the virgin's bright crown.

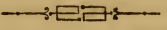
THE MANIAC.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

The maniac is founded on fact. She was a near neighbor of the writer, who admired her for the many good qualities she possessed. But unfortunately the poor woman was not happy in her social life; the cause of this unhappiness did not lie with her, however, for she was cheerful, of a happy disposition and obliging, and extremely benevolent. The wish of her heart was to love and be loved. Her religion was Millerite, and the queer doctrines of that sect may be said to have had something to do with dethroning her mind. Her husband was an old tyrant, and might easily have been her father, for he was certainly old enough. He was irate and quarrelsome; he crushed the hilarity of her young heart, and discouraged the generous impulses of a warm and confiding nature. The poor creature would do her utmost to conceal from strangers the real cause of her despondency, but found it useless, for he would not hesitate to attack her in the presence of a stranger. The poor thing would reflect upon the most absurd imaginations, and continued in this unhappy state until finally her mind gave away, and she became dangerously insane. One of her first acts was to attempt the life of her children with an axe. The poor little things were fearfully wounded, but finally recovered. She also tried to kill her husband, who had her confined in a lunatic asylum.

The robins gathered in a throng
And sweetly sang their matin song;
The flowers shed forth their fragrant hale,
And spread their leaves to the morning gale—
Hung their stems with a weary look,
Sighed for the waters within the brook.
All nature seemed to rejoice in May,
That month when flowers and birds are gay,
And in the woods their notes abound
In jubilee that all around
The fields and rocky coves resound,
Of those sweet birds whose warbling shrill
The aching heart with raptures fill;
When lo! the enchanting scene was changed—
The shriek of one, with mind deranged,
Came bounding on the summer breeze
From out the rustling willow trees.
A wail that fancy hears, yet still,
Resounding through each dale and hill,
Bringing men from vale and brook.
Oh! the sight that met their look:
One little girl in her gore,
Another bleeding by the door,
A baby shrieking on the ground,
Blood on everything around.
While gazing on that scene of blood,
The insane mother calmly stood,
Holding with a firm grasp
Within her hand the blood-stained axe,
Wishing, as if to keep it still,
Again to wield it to her will;
Looking as if she strove to trace
A foe in every stranger's face.
But strong men now around her stand,
The axe is taken from her hand;
Women bathe her burning brain,
Speak to her in soothing strain;
With kindly looks they bathe her head,
And watch incessant around her bed;
When lo! departs the vacant stare,
And from the eyes the unearthly glare;
Returning reason shows to light
Her bleeding children in her sight,
And copious tears begin to flow,
When meets her gaze the fearful blow
Upon the cheek of that sweet babe,
Whom she would now die to save.

To.....



Do you think it is wrong or deem it a sin,
For the heart to weep till the eyes grow dim,
And wish in its grief the soul were fled,
That the body might rest with the cherished dead.

Or is it wrong, in deep despair,
To wish I were dead and sheltered where
The loved of my soul is taking his rest,
And the strangers' clay above his breast.

Oh! would he took his last repose,
In his own Green Isle, where meandering flows
The Shannon in all its beauty wild,
Gracefully bounding to ocean's tide.

Farewell, my love—a long farewell,
If in heaven your spirit dwell;
All my sorrow is known to you—
Farewell, my love—a long adieu.

THE RESURRECTION.

Oh! brightly shine, thou cheering sun,
The deed of blood and guilt is done;
The holy and the beautiful,
The innocent and the dutiful,
Died beneath a load of pain,
Eternal joys for us to gain.

Yes, the Son of God has died,
By those he loved denounced—reviled;
Died a death so dark, so dread,
As roused to life the very dead!
Astounded stood the lake of hell,
Astonished angels trembling fell.

Oh! what a sight for nature's eye,
To see the Lord of majesty;
The good, Supreme, the truly just,
Who thrilled with life our honored dust,
Cast forth beneath a with'ring ban,
Slain by the arm of impious man.

Well might the sun refuse its light,
And yield its reign to darkest night;
Well might the funeral pall be spread
O'er heaven, and its Maker, dead,
Well might all nature pant for breath,
With Thee, its Author, bowed in death.

And by Thy blood, O crucified!
Did'st vanquish sin with death allied.
And all the infernal powers o'ercome,
The ponderous rock that closed thy tomb,
Dispersed in many a sparkling gem,
To crown each saintly diadem.

TEMPERANCE.

Ah! rather hold the burning brand
Than that dire cup within thy hand;
Oh! no indeed, those lips of thine
Should never touch the tempting wine;
Not to friend or even to foe,
Extend the bitter cup of woe.
That cup that's wrung from orphans' eyes,
The tears, and widow's burning sighs;
A cup that's brought, Oh! mark it well,
Full many a soul to deepest hell;
And brought deep want and sad disgrace,
On many a noble, honored race:
That's filled the land with countless graves,
As plunged beneath the whelming waves.

IRELAND.

Ah! well we remember, although it is years,
Since we left you, poor Ireland, in sorrowful tears;
But the grief of that hour is fresh in our mind,
And we weep with regret for the friends left behind.

Yet the friends we have parted remember us still;
They send us their blessing, we send them good will;
And we cherish the hope, though vain it may seem,
Triumphant will yet be our own banner of green.

Oh! let us pray, that quick be the hour,
The enemies of Ireland will be humbled in power;
And the green flag of Erin unfurled shall be,
Respected and honored by land and by sea.

Far dearer to Ireland than England's proud rose,
More near to our soul than the thistle that grows,
'Neath the smiles of a queen who delights to protect,
While our own little shamrock is dying of neglect.

Ireland, my country, you'll yet break the chain
That fetters your freedom—and when you regain
That freedom you lost by the traitor's foul deed,
Never blush for your shamrock, country or creed.

TO A FRIEND.

There's a smile on thy lip, a joy in thine eye,
That tells in the years now o'er thee gone by;
You felt all the pleasure that life can bestow,
Depression of spirits you never can know.

There's a note in thy voice, it strikes on my ear,
As the voice of a friend, and I look is he near;
Then thy form as a stranger comes full to my view,
And I weep for that friend as my eye rests on you.

And seek you his kindred, that friend was a brother,
With the love that in childhood is shown by a mother;
But he sicken'd and withered and soon passed away,
And all that remained of my brother was clay.

JUN 78

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